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THE NEW YORKER

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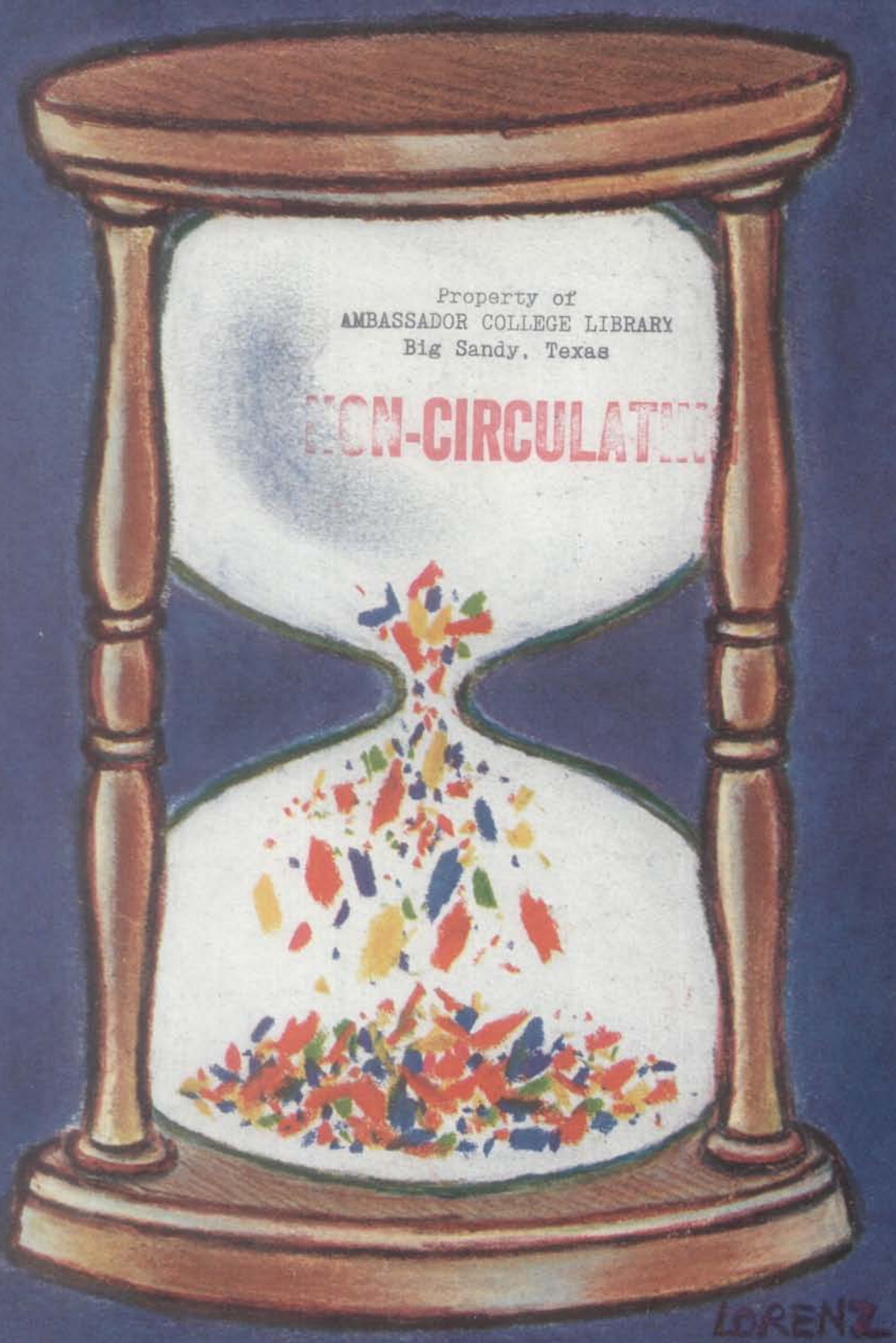

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE AU PAIR MAN—Julie Harris and Charles Durning in a two-character Irish play by Hugh Leonard, directed by Gerald Freedman. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 27, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 27. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8.)

CANDIDE—A revival of the Broadway musical. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince, a long, long way from home, directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat, but the effort is worth it. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

CITY CENTER ACTING COMPANY—A four-week repertory of four plays. Shakespeare's **MEASURE FOR MEASURE**, directed by John Houseman: Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 3-4, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ John Gay's **THE BEGGAR'S OPERA**, directed by Gene Lesser: Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 8. . . . ¶ James Saunders' **NEXT TIME I'LL SING TO YOU**, directed by Marian Seldes: Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Closes Friday, Jan. 11.)

FIND YOUR WAY HOME—Jane Alexander, Michael Moriarty, Lee Richardson, and John Ramsey make up the cast of this play written by John Hopkins and imported from London. Edwin Sherin directed. Previews through Tuesday, Jan. 1, with a special matinée that day. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE FLIES—Jean-Paul Sartre's play, directed by Vinnette Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GIGI—A pleasing cast, headed by Alfred Drake; charming sets by Oliver Smith; and pretty costumes by Oliver Messel, make this Lerner-Loewe musical seem far livelier than it really is. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 7:30.)

THE GOOD DOCTOR—Nine skits by Neil Simon, based on Chekhov. The skits are not much, but the cast is perfection—Christopher Plummer, Barnard Hughes, René Auberjonois, Marsha Mason, and Frances Sternhagen. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Sunday, Dec. 30, and New Year's Day at 3.)

GOOD EVENING—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3; special matinées Thursdays, Dec. 27, and New Year's Day at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

HARD TO BE A JEW—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2; Friday, Dec. 28, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 6; New Year's Eve at 8; New Year's Day and Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2; Friday, Jan. 4, at 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8.)

HERE COMES THE GROOM—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 5:30; New Year's Eve at 8; New Year's Day at 2 and 5:30; Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8.)

MEIN MAMA DER GENERAL—A *third* Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2:30; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 5:30; New Year's Eve at 8; New Year's Day at 2 and 5:30; Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2:30; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8.)

THE ICEMAN COMETH—Seventeen miserable wretches in a New York bar in the year 1912. The excellent cast is headed by James Earl Jones. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MOLLY—A lumpy gruel of a musical, starring poor Kay Ballard. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day.)

MOONCHILDREN—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at

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6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 2:30, and New Year's Eve at 7:30.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN—Jason Robards and Colleen Dewhurst in a five-week engagement of Eugene O'Neill's last play. Directed by José Quintero. Previews Wednesday through Friday evenings, Dec. 26-28, with a special matinee Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2. Opens officially on Saturday, Dec. 29, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NEW PHOENIX REPERTORY COMPANY—An eight-week engagement. Charlotte Moore and John Glover in Philip Barry's **HOLIDAY**, directed by Michael Montel: Opens Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 6:45. Other performances Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2; Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 7:30; Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, Jan. 4, at 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Rachel Roberts and John McMartin in Friedrich Dürrenmatt's **THE VISIT**, adapted by Maurice Valency and directed by Harold Prince: Friday, Dec. 28, and Thursday, Jan. 3, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Miss Roberts and Mr. McMartin in Feydeau's **CHEMIN DE FER**, adapted by Suzanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead, and directed by Stephen Porter: Saturday, Dec. 29, and Monday, Dec. 31, at 7:30. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Closes Saturday, Jan. 12.)

THE PAJAMA GAME—A musical well worth reviving, thanks to its marvellous songs. In the cast are Cab Calloway, Hal Linden, and Barbara McNair. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 7:30.)

RAISIN—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 7:30.)

THE TOOTH OF CRIME—This satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. Fridays through Sundays at 9, preceded (at 7) by Michael McClure's "The Beard." (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

VERONICA'S ROOM—A valiant cast, headed by Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy, trapped in a thriller that fails to thrill. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2; Thursday and Friday at 3; and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 29.)

WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve, at 7:30.)

LONG RUNS—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 3 and 7:30; Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10; Sundays at 2 and 5; New Year's Eve at 8:30; New Year's Day at 3 and 7:30; and Friday, Jan. 4, at 7:30.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,689 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, Dec. 30, at 7:30, and New Year's Eve at 8:30.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and, except Jan. 2, at 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances New Year's Eve at 8 and 10.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 27.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 8.). . . **IRENE:** Debbie Reynolds, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly are so charming and energetic that they make this simple-minded curiosity of a musical seem first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2, and Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 2, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day.). . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2; special matinées Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27.). . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Neil Simon's comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Thursday, Dec. 27, at 2, and New Year's Eve at 7:30.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 7:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 6. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727. Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 5; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 6; Monday, Dec. 31, at 8; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 2-4, at 6; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

BALLET FOLKLORICO OF MEXICO—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians in a three-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; Sundays at 7:30; and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY—Thursday, Jan. 3, at 7:30, and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8: An unnamed ballet (première), "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "Naked Leopard," "Dawn Dazzled Door," and "Classic Kite Tails."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 4, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2: "Greek Dreams, with Flute" (New York première), "Black Lake," and "Cantilever." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

EMILY FRANKEL—Performing her visualization and interpretation of Mahler's Fifth Symphony. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Jan. 4, at 9.)

MISCELLANY

WORLD FESTIVAL OF MAGIC AND OCCULT—A three-week engagement by magicians, illusionists, and practitioners of the occult, including Aldo Richiardi, Jr. Not for children. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 7:30.)

JOSEPHINE BAKER—With a dance company, a gospel group, and an orchestra, in a one-week engagement. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. New Year's Eve at 8:30; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 2-4, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

MARLENE DIETRICH—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 3-6, at 8.)

WONDERFUL WORLD OF HORSES—A dozen Royal Lipizzan stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école*, plus dressage performances by Arabians, Andalusians, Palominos, American saddlebreds, American Albinos, Morgans, quarter horses, and Appaloosas. Opens Thursday, Jan. 3, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 13. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, with the current messengers. Friday through Monday, Dec. 28-31, from ten. Downstairs.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and

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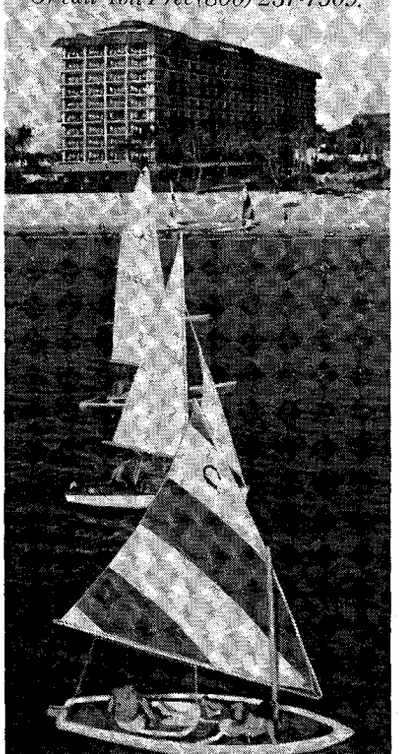

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Duke Ellington—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, with an orchestra. Nightly at nine and eleven-fifteen.

Dizzy Gillespie—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, leading a quintet, beginning Monday, Dec. 31. Nightly, except New Year's Day, from nine-thirty (Saturdays from nine).

Tyree Glenn—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trombone and vibes, with a septet. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to one-thirty.

Elvin Jones—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet, at ten, starting Tuesday, Jan. 1.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and many other instruments, leading a sextet, from ten. Friday through Monday, Dec. 28-31.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, nightly from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Duke Ellington on Sunday, Dec. 30, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, leading a trio, Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, leading a trio, from nine to one, except Sunday. Through Monday, Dec. 31.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and New Year's Eve at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty.

Rose Murphy—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight, and New Year's Eve at ten.

Arthur Prysock—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Vocals, with a trio led by saxophonist Red Prysock. Nightly from nine-thirty (Saturday from nine). Through Monday, Dec. 31.

Don Reno, Bill Harrell, and the Tennessee Cut-Ups—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Banjo, guitar, and bluegrass. At nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 27-Jan. 1.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-thirty nightly, except Sunday. Through Monday, Dec. 31.

Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Tenor sax and guitar, respectively, from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

McCoy Tyner—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, through Thursday, Dec. 27.

Mary Lou Williams—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Piano, from nine-thirty to two, beginning Wednesday, Jan. 2.

Teddy Wilson—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 1.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seagoing vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of pianist John Foster's trio Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Comedian Soupy Sales, once an outrageous alternative to Captain Kangaroo, is playing here to the same generation (now grown up) that watched his television antics almost fifteen years ago. Gunhill Road, a folk-rock trio, helps fill in through Monday, Dec. 31. On Wednesday, Jan. 2, Mount Airy begins performing country music. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such. Closed New Year's Day.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—An assortment of able and talented musicians whips up a variety of jazz. Charles McPherson, an alto saxophonist whose reverence for Charlie Parker is quite evident, performs with his quintet through Wednesday, Jan. 2. Music from nine to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and music constructed by pianist Richie Beirach and bassist Frank Tusa, through Saturday, Dec. 29. On Monday, Dec. 31, guitarist Joe Beck and bassist Herb Bushler begin renewing their worthy association. The hours are nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays from nine until one, the forceful pianist Al Haig, who used to play with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, performs with a bassist.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is the prized fixture here, and his songs—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—summon up a generation's view of itself. Helping out (through Monday, Dec. 31, when they and Mr. Short take a brief leave) are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. On Wednesday, Jan. 2, pianist Mary Lou Williams, who's come a long way from Kansas City, takes over, along with Fender bassist Milton Suggs. They all begin at nine-thirty. Cocktail music is supplied by Julius Monk at the keyboard. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9021)—A bright, crowded spot with musicians tucked away so that they're hard to see, and sometimes hard to hear. Young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr ably recreates sounds from the thirties, with the help of trombonist Mathew Gee, drummer Sam Woodyard, and tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, a Lester Young disciple who was once dubbed "the Vice-Pres." Wednesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band fills in Sundays through Tuesdays. Dancing on New Year's Eve. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Singer, pianist, and chichi girl Rose Murphy occupies the center of the room now, along with bassist Morris Edwards. On New Year's Eve, she'll be sharing the facilities with guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma and pianist Chuck Folds. Eight to one nightly, except on New Year's Eve, when things get going at ten. Sundays, Dick Hyman dominates the keyboard. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and listen to country and bluegrass music played by Eric Weissberg, on banjo, with his band Deliverance. Through Tuesday, Jan. 1. The mikes are switched on at about nine.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with rattan shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. Ellis Larkins, Al Hall, and all their admirers gather in this amiable setting nightly from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 30, the duo will play an all-Duke Ellington concert from four-thirty until seven-thirty, before their usual sets begin. Tuesdays through Fridays, Tad Bruce sings at the piano from six to nine.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the new quarters of this recently reopened club are quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listener alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it

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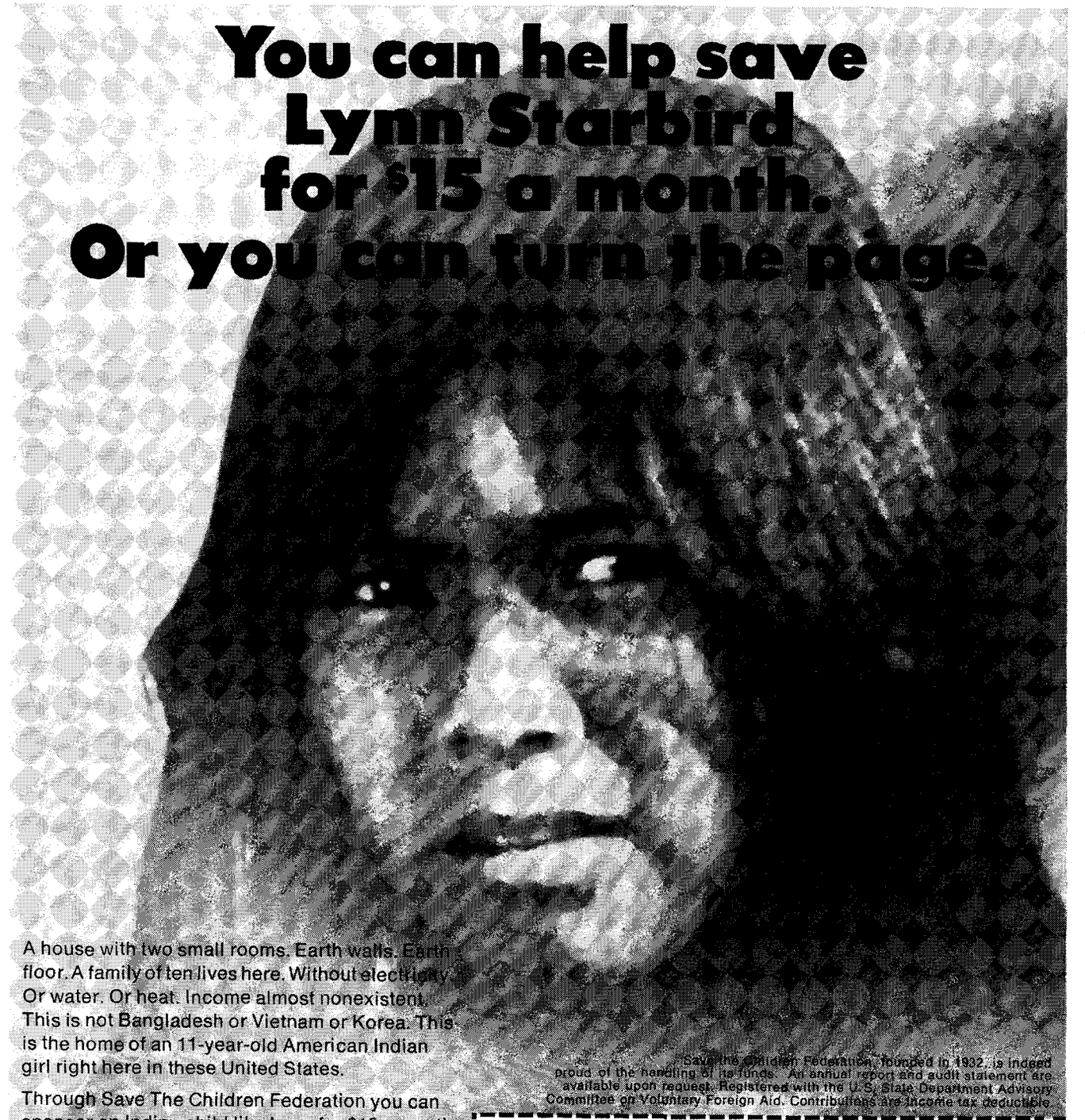

A house with two small rooms. Earth walls. Earth floor. A family of ten lives here. Without electricity. Or water. Or heat. Income almost nonexistent. This is not Bangladesh or Vietnam or Korea. This is the home of an 11-year-old American Indian girl right here in these United States.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. Guitarist Jim Barto and bassist Bill Ellington perform them through Monday, Dec. 31. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is offering two groups each night. Singer Sir Harvell and his quartet depart on Sunday, Dec. 30, while Arthur Prysock and the Red Prysock trio stick around through New Year's Eve. Opposite them on New Year's Eve will be the Dizzy Gillespie quintet, which begins a two-week stay of its own. Sundays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Closed New Year's Day.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds (along with bassist David Steinberg on New Year's Eve and bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Barry Harris, a pianist of substance, works above the din with bassist Lawrence Evans Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar gives off explicit uptown vibes, but the back room—characterized by jammed-together tables, neck-craning youths, and a general lackadaisical folksiness—is positively from downtown. Chicago blues is rampant here through Monday, Dec. 31: Junior Wells, who played with Muddy Waters, and Buddy Guy, who played with Junior Wells, take off with their respective bands. On Tuesday, Jan. 1, comedian Chris Rush begins a stint. Music nightly, starting at nine-thirty. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. Folk commentator Phil Ochs, who has retained a sizable following since the sixties, performs through Monday, Dec. 31. Alternating with him is Patti Smith, a young writer and actress, who presents unusual and very funny material. She reads her poems (one is entitled "Seventh Heaven" and deals with original sin) and stories ("The Wallflower" is about adolescence), and she sings songs about Jesse James' woman and Bob Dylan's dog, which has wings and is the only one who is allowed to look Bob Dylan in the eye. Her vocal style occasionally slips into a Mae West-inspired delivery. On Wednesday, Jan. 2, two rock bands—the Shout Band and Valentine—plug in. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to

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midnight. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffeehouse atmosphere. The Tennessee Cut-Ups, with guitarist Bill Harrell and banjo magician Don Reno (who learned bluegrass several years back when he played with Bill Monroe, the patron saint of the genre), are here Thursday through Tuesday, Dec. 27-Jan. 1. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Wednesdays, new talent is uncovered.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Pianist Marian McPartland sails through spirited amalgamations of Kern, Lennon and McCartney, Bach, and others, with a trio, through Monday, Dec. 31. Tuesday, Jan. 1, marks the arrival of pianist Teddy Wilson, with Milt Hinton on bass and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, directors' chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. The Junior Mance trio performs Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Peter Allen, an amiable singer and songwriter from Australia, trades sets with singer Gale Garnett. On New Year's Eve, singer Ellen Greene will also participate. Shows Mondays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. Pianists Edward Morris and Lewis Friedman fill any gaps from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Dec. 30, Baby Jane Dexter, who does blues and humorous songs, will be on hand at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer is back with her songs, her worldly wisdom, and her pianist Jimmy Lyon. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and New Year's Eve at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, plays duets with tenorman Zoot Sims from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays. Dancing on New Year's Eve.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Drummer Bill Mintz heads up a trio on Thursday, Dec. 27. On Friday, Saturday, and Monday, Dec. 28, 29, and 31, pianist Larry Willis leads his trio. Guitarist Gene Bertoncini works Sunday, Dec. 30, with a bassist. The music is featured from ten to three-thirty. Snacks.

Top of the Six's, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662)—This thirty-ninth-floor Stouffer's is replete with Early American knickknacks—china-filled china closets, hunting trophies, tapestries, and large dried-frond-filled urns. Singer and pianist Emme Kemp and her trio provide the music from nine-thirty to one. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This venerable fortress is now featuring infectiously rhythmic sounds produced by Brazilian guitarist Sivuca and his combo through Monday, Dec. 31. On Wednesdays, harpist Daphne Hellman and trio join in. . . . ¶ In the large downstairs quarters, pianist Ahmad Jamal's trio plays opposite drummer Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, Friday through Monday, Dec. 28-31.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable thirty-nine-year-old institution down a steeply stained entrance. Pianist McCoy Tyner guides his quartet in and out of labyrinthine sets through Thursday, Dec. 27. Friday through Monday, Dec. 28-31, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a reed section all by himself, plays with his sextet. Thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones arrives with his quintet on Tuesday, Jan. 1. The music begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

BIG DEALS

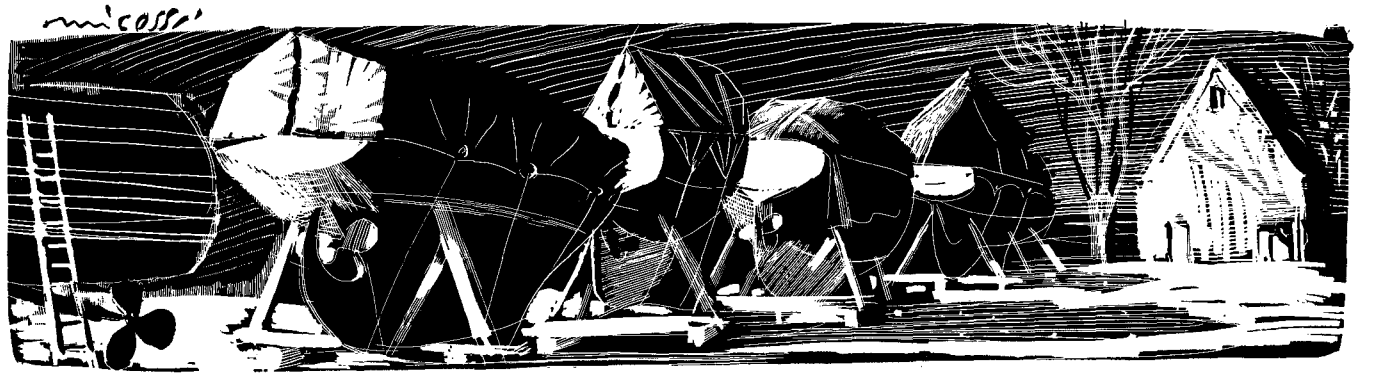
(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **Royal Box**, trombonist Tyree Glenn and his septet (with pianist Norman Simmons and vocalist Carrie Smith) alternate with the Peppi Morreale trio. Dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **Café** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad prevails Sundays and Mondays. On New Year's Eve, the Winners and the Waynes will take turns all night. Additionally, pianist Joseph Murello plays for cocktails Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Richard Ianni is the tenor in the **Persian Room** at ten Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Wednesday, Jan. 2, is opening night for singers June Valli and Jim Merchant. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . ¶ On New Year's Eve, Peter Duchin and his dance orchestra will play in the **Grand Ballroom** from nine until two. Black tie. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **Palm Court** Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor. The Cavaliers will provide dance music on New Year's Eve, from ten to two.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (PL 7-8970)—Duke Ellington is showing off the



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talents of his superb band at dinner and supper on this top of the world. On New Year's Eve, the Duke will play for dancing between and after the shows; other nights, discothèque music commences at eight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting the piano team of DeMaio and Silver in a musical-comedy repertoire, from seven to midnight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the **MAISONETTE**, on New Year's Eve, dancing will prevail all evening to the music of the Sy Oliver orchestra and the Anthony Terini trio.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On New Year's Eve, the **GRAND BALLROOM** will once again house the orchestra of Guy Lombardo. Dancing from nine to three. Black tie.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed New Year's Day. Some, as indicated, will be closed Monday, Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

FRANK BOWLING—Two shows of large abstract paintings. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Through Jan. 13. Daily, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Through Saturday, Dec. 20.)

JON CARSMAN—Paintings of small towns. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHRISTO—Studies for six store-front projects. Through Thursday, Jan. 3. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

KEN DANBY—Superrealist paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

MARCEL DUCHAMP (1887-1968)—A large show, rich in ready-mades, drawings, collages, assemblages, prints, and posters, which will be running concurrently with his retrospective (starting Friday) at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Jan. 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

FANGOR—Paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States. Through Jan. 31. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 29, noon to 5.)

JOHN B. FLANNAGAN (1895-1942)—Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings from the years 1924 to 1938. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

FRIEDRICH HUNDERTWASSER—Temperas, watercolors, and woodcuts. Through Jan. 11. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE JACQUEMON—Abstract figures and landscapes in metallic and oil paint. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

HORST JANSSEN—Etchings by a German artist; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM KING—Bronze and ceramic sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Graphics from 1931 to the present. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

JULES OLITSKI—Recent circular steel sculptures by the spray-gun painter. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 31.)

FAY PECK—Oils, serigraphs, and monoprints of the female figure. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St.)

ENZO PLAZZOTTA—Sixty figurative bronzes, including a new series of ballet studies. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

DAVID RABINOWITCH—Two steel sculptures on the floor. Through Jan. 10. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD SOREL—Depictions of the political scene and illustrations of fairy tales in watercolors and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by Avedisian, Hoyland, Wesley, and others. Through Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: American landscape artists of the nineteenth century, among them Cole, Bierstadt, and Durand. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Neil Anderson, Thelma Appel, Susan Crile, Louis Jones, Kay Kurt, and Ira Richer. Through Friday, Jan. 4. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1001 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and graphics from the Renaissance to the present. Through Jan. 19. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century European paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Closed Monday mornings.) . . . **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: An exhibition of paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by anonymous and known nineteenth- and twentieth-century primitive artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 29.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ARMAN—Assemblages of objects imbedded in plastic. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH BEUYS—Editions of objects, photographs, and documents by a German Conceptualist. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

KEN BOWMAN—Paintings based on photographs of America in the early part of the century. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (De Nagy, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DEWITT HARDY / IRWIN FLEMINGER—Watercolors, prints, and drawings of figures and still-lifes. Through Friday, Dec. 28. / Surrealist watercolors and collages. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 31.)

ROBERT IRWIN—An environmental work. Through Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEX KATZ—Large paintings, cutouts, and drawings of figures alone or in groups. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

STEPHEN LORBER—Still-life paintings. Through Thursday, Jan. 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRANDMA MOSES (1860-1961)—Paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 31.)

SUSAN SHATTER / ANDREW TAVARELLI—Gouaches and watercolors of panoramic views of cities. / Minimal paintings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEON POLK SMITH—Hard-edge paintings from 1945 to the present. Through Jan. 12. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM THON—Paintings of Ireland, Italy, and Maine. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings, from 1906 to 1971, by outstanding French artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and drawings of Canada, Alaska, and the Arctic, some by well-known artists, some by amateurs. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such nineteenth-century Americans as Bierstadt, Eilshemius, and Inness. Through Jan. 31. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.). . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings on the theme of the city by, principally, Louis Lozowick, Ralston Crawford, and George Ault. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

HOWARD BUCHWALD / BEN SCHONZEIT—Abstract paintings and drawings. / Realist paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

RUDY BURCKHARDT / EDITH DUGMORE—Paintings of Maine woods and New York pavements. / Black-and-white photographs. Through Jan. 10. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MICHAEL ECONOMOS—Realist paintings. Starts Saturday, Dec. 29. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT S. EHRLICH / TRAUTE ISHIDA—Paintings based on a grid. / Wall hangings of colored yarns worked into large, unstretched mesh canvases. Starts Saturday, Dec. 29. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

EUNICE GOLDEN / SHARON WYBRANTS-LYNCH—Paintings and drawings of anatomical forms. /

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Paintings of women. Starts Saturday, Dec. 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

JAKE GROSSBERG / NOBU FUKUI—Steel sculptures. / Geometric abstractions. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES MINGUS III / FRED RENNELS—Thirty small watercolors. / Steel and aluminum sculptures. Through Jan. 10. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

SHIRLEY PETTIBONE—Paintings of sky and water. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Dotty Attie, Agnes Denes, Nancy Spero, and other gallery artists. Through Thursday, Jan. 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **55 MERCER STREET:** Joan Gardner, Joyce Robins, and Paula Tavins. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Closed Mondays.). . . **14 SCULPTORS**, 75 Thompson St.: Sculptures and drawings by the gallery artists. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: A hundred and eighteen artists in a show marking the gallery's first anniversary. Through Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by John DeAndrea, paintings by Martin Hoffman, and Conceptual art by Don Celender. Through Saturday, Dec. 29.

OTHER GALLERIES

E. E. CUMMINGS (1894-1962)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Monday, Dec. 31. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Pen-and-ink drawings for Brooks Atkinson's book of critiques, "The Lively Years, 1920-1973." Typed and edited manuscripts of the book are also on view. Through Jan. 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: In his catalogue introduction to a distasteful show here called "Erotic Art," Paul Mocsanyi, director of the New School Art Center, defends the exhibition in the name of the "more open and sincere attitude toward sex [that] is emerging in the great cultural centers of America," but the attitude reflected by most of the selections is the nineteenth-century view of sex as something you do with whores or, as the case may

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be, with the footman, and that it isn't exciting if it doesn't seem wicked and shameful. This may be true (Freud believed it), but it isn't what our sex educators are today teaching the young—who look a bit puzzled as they walk around the exhibition. The artists represented include Marc Chagall, George Grosz, Max Beckmann, Bernard Reder, Salvador Dali, Gustave Klimt, Egon Schiele, Felicien Rops, Kitagawa Utamaro, Jules Pascin, Tom Wesselmann, and George Segal, and the activities depicted include intercourse, fellatio, cunnilingus, masturbation, sadism, and bestiality. Through Jan. 12. (Mondays, except Dec. 31, through Thursdays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.). . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: A loan show of chiaroscuro woodcuts from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Closed Saturday mornings.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BILL DANE—Homemade postcards, printed with snapshots the artist has made on his travels. Through Jan. 6. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

EMMET GOWIN—Photographs of Danville, Virginia. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

BEDERICH GRUNSWEIG—Approximately fifty black-and-white photographs of Prague, including views of the old Jewish Quarter, taken recently by an expatriate. Through March 17. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

STEPHEN SHORE—Twenty Photo-Realist photographs in color whose subjects are the gas stations, parking lots, Main Streets, and food that figure in the painting school of this name. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

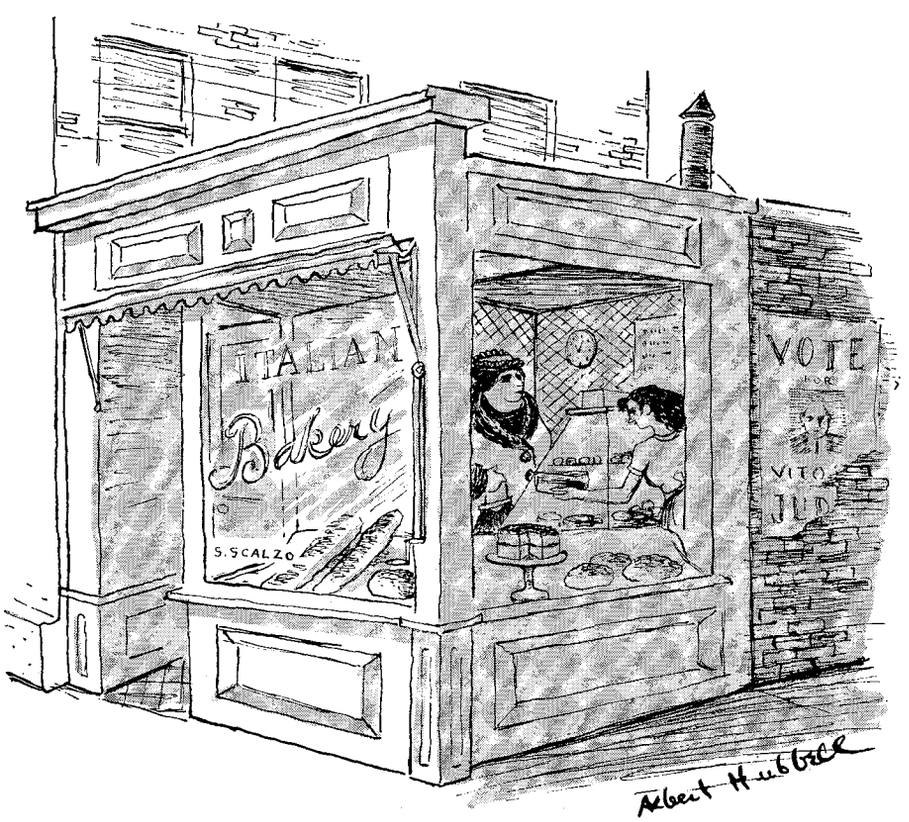
GROUP SHOWS—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A superb exhibition of over a hundred photographs of landscapes and city scenes by such old masters as Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Berenice Abbott, Walker Evans, and André Kertész, and by such younger masters as Paul Caponigro, Elaine Mayes, George A. Tice, and Bruce Davidson. Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 4:45.). . . **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: "Victorian Photographs of Famous Men, Fair Women, and Little Girls" includes work by Julia Margaret Cameron, Lewis Carroll, John Thomson, R.A.R. Bennett, and Alphonse Mucha. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Gallery members and guests. Through Sunday, Dec. 30. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Wednesday, Dec. 26, from 7:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.). . . **WITKIN**, 243 E. 60th St.: Photographs by early practitioners, as well as by contemporary figures. Through Jan. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City taken between 1853 and 1901, which shows how much and how little the city has changed. There are no longer horse-drawn buses on Broadway or farmhouses along the Harlem River or mansions along lower Fifth Avenue, but Central Park, the High Bridge, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, and other relics look much the same today as in the early photographs. There have even been some improvements, as the show reveals—such as the one on Grant's Temporary Tomb, a pitiful little brick hovel, and the replacement of the Croton Reservoir by the New York Public Library. Some of the photographs have been enormously blown up and look entirely contemporary as a result. The captions are informative and not solemn. Through May 31. (Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes / 1909-1939," a show of a hundred and fifty dresses reflecting the dramatic changes that took place in the world of fashion from the end of the Edwardian period up to the beginning of the Second World War. Designers such as Chanel, Schiaparelli, and Poiret are represented. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away in the south wing on the second floor under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art.". . . ¶ Newly acquired Chinese paintings (album leaves, an album of poetry, and hand scrolls and hanging scrolls) from the eleventh century through the fourteenth. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Oils, pastels, and prints by Mary Cassatt, from the museum's collection. Through Wednesday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Two hundred objects of the North, Central, and South American Indians, covering four thousand years, on loan from the Museum of the American Indian. Through Tuesday, Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings by van Gogh and his contemporaries, accompanied by passages from letters van Gogh wrote to his brother, Theo, and others, which contain comments on artists, schools, paintings, and theories. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ "The Art of Imperial Turkey and Its European Echoes," including carpets, manuscripts, miniatures, and graphic arts. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Landscapes and cityscapes by American photographers; see above, under "Photography." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than two hundred oils, drawings, objects, ready-mades, lithographs, books, replicas, posters, and films spanning the career of Marcel Duchamp. Starts Friday, Dec. 28. (A complementary show is at the Feldman Gallery, 33 E. 74th St.). . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings by Joan Miró, dating from 1921 to 1972. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Designs for plays, operas, ballets, films, circuses, and Happenings, as well as for unrealized projects. Among the artists represented are David Hockney, Allan Jones, Diego Rivera, Ben Shahn, Fernand Léger, Jim



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Dine, and Paul Cadmus. Through Jan. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred and fifty items in various mediums deriving from the Futurist and Dada periods, lent by the Winston/Malbin Collection, in Michigan. The artists include Boccioni, Picabia, and Arp. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Paintings, gouaches, drawings, and color charts by Kasimir Malevich, the Russian artist and leader of the Suprematist movement, on loan chiefly from the Stedelijk Museum, in Amsterdam. Through Jan. 13. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings by Lee Krasner, from 1951 to the present. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings executed between 1963 and 1973 by Larry Zox. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings of night scenes by George Ault, a leading figure in the Precisionist movement. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Abstract wood sculptures by Michael Lekakis. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Painted-wood sculptures by Anne Truitt. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Electronic emissions, called a "sound sculpture," by Marvin Torffield, can be heard on the street outside the museum and in the basement sculpture garden. Through Jan. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Sculptures by Alexander Calder, Louise Nevelson, and David Smith. Through Friday, Jan. 4. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Over two hundred European drawings, textiles, and wallpapers, from the seventeenth century through the early nineteenth, selected from the collection of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, 77th St. at Central Park W.—A show in tribute to Daniel Giraud Elliot, who gave his collection of some thousand birds to the museum in 1869; it is comprised of specimens from the collection, memorabilia, and more than fifty paintings of birds by artists Elliot commissioned to illustrate books. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for export to the West. Through Jan. 27. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—American genre paintings of the nineteenth century, with emphasis on the last quarter, by Homer, Eakins, and lesser-known artists. Through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library 29 E. 36th St.—An extensive loan show of sixteenth-century Italian drawings by Leonardo, Veronese, Titian, Raphael, and Parmigianino, as well as lesser-known artists, all from the collection of Janos Scholz, who, as we all know now, has left it to the Morgan. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ First and early editions of the prose and verse writings of John Milton, along with Blake's watercolor illustrations for "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ A Christmas show, including the first printed edition of "Silent Night" and the autograph manuscript of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Through Feb. 3. (Tuesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Musical instruments and toys, some as unusual as a banjo made from a pressure cooker. Through Jan. 6. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A handsomely mounted exhibition of historical and contemporary objects that were designed to be portable, including furniture, camping equipment, vehicles, and "body extensions," such as a necklace which registers air pollution and body temperature. Through Saturday, Dec. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, in March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings of New York by Cecil C. Bell, done between 1930 and 1970, the year of his death. Through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Antwerp's Golden Age": Paintings, drawings, prints, documents, and tapestries exemplifying the material and intellectual riches that the Renaissance brought to Antwerp during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Through Sunday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ A number of Red Grooms creations—a general-store "environment," a parody of a Rembrandt, and so on, all bearing the Grooms trademark of garish exuberance. Through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Photographs by Puerto Ricans which document both their life in New York City and on their homeland island. Through Jan. 24. (Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Over two hundred and sixty treasures acquired between 1970 and 1972 and amplifying the long-resplendent Berg Collection; included are letters, typescripts, first editions, and drawings by the renowned in English and American literature. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Mondays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. (Mondays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

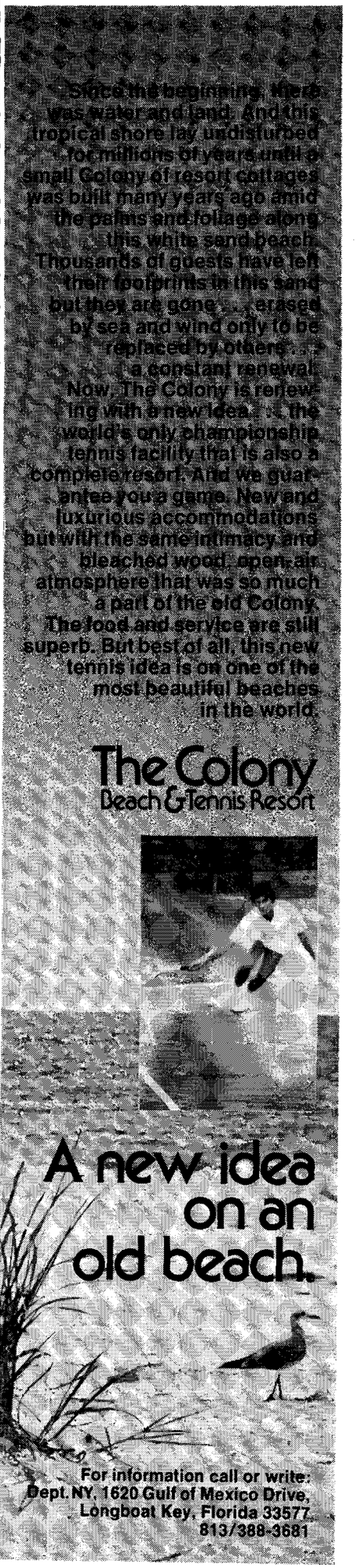
Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and drawings by Nelson Stevens. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 26: "La Bohème," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Maralin Niska, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, Jerome Hines, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and Paul Franke; conducted by Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 27: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Ragnar Ulfung, Lawrence Shadur, William Lewis, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 28: "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Matteo Manuguerra, Ezio Flagello, and James Morris; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 29: "Manon Lescaut," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carlos Montane, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 29: "Simon Boccanegra," with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Lawrence Shadur; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 31: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 1: "La Bohème," with Enriqueta Tarrés, Maralin Niska, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, Jerome Hines, Russell Christopher, Andrij Dobriansky, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 2: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 3: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Luigi Alva, Ingvar Wixell, Fernando Corena, and Ezio Flagello; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 4: "Simon Boccanegra,"


Since the beginning, there was water and land. And this tropical shore lay undisturbed for millions of years until a small Colony of resort cottages was built many years ago amid the palms and foliage along this white sand beach. Thousands of guests have left their footprints in this sand but they are gone . . . erased by sea and wind only to be replaced by others . . . a constant renewal. Now, The Colony is refleshing with a new idea . . . the world's only championship tennis facility that is also a complete resort. And we guarantee you a game. New and luxurious accommodations but with the same intimacy and bleached wood, open-air atmosphere that was so much a part of the old Colony. The food and service are still superb. But best of all, this new tennis idea is on one of the most beautiful beaches in the world.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Adriana Maliponte, Richard Tucker, Ingvar Wixell, Giorgio Tozzi, and Raymond Michalski; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 5: "Salome," with Grace Bumbry, Regina Resnik, Ragnar Ulfung, Lawrence Shadur, William Lewis, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 5: "Manon Lescaut," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carlos Montane, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Leif Segerstam. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 29, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a two-week vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts at Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, next week, with Riccardo Muti conducting on Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 4, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 7:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one with Julius Eastman, baritone; Steve Reich and Musicians, the Dorian Woodwind Quintet; David Amram's Jazz Quintet; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 29, from 7 to midnight.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 30, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Boris Goldovsky, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 5:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Gerald Trabesinger directing. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 28, at 2; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 8; and Monday, Dec. 31, at 2.)

RECITALS

New York Chamber Soloists—A program of baroque Christmas music, with Charles Bressler and Robert White, tenors, and Raymond Murcell, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 26-27, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Playing Bach's Goldberg Variations twice: once on the harpsichord and once on the piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 30, at 2 on the harpsichord, and, after an hour's intermission, at 4:30 on the piano.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

Gyorgy Sandor—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Mahavishnu Orchestra—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 27-28, at 8.

Modern Jazz Quartet and the Juilliard String Quartet—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 28, at 8.

Dave Mason, Livingston Taylor, and the James Montgomery Band—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Dick Hyman—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Sonny Rollins Quintet, the Vermeer Quartet, and Richard Stoltzman—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Dec. 30, at 3.

Blue Oyster Cult, Iggy Pop, and Teenage Lust—Academy of Music. Monday, Dec. 31, at 8.

Benny Goodman Exhibit—Rare photographs, films, original artwork, posters, sheet music, and audio material depicting Benny Goodman's life and career. Through Thursday, Feb. 28. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, noon to 7. Optional contributions for admission.)

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SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 29, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Tuesday, Jan. 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Nets vs. Carolina, Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Jan. 4, at 7:35.

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Dec. 30, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Friday, Jan. 4, at 8:35. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, Jan. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Jan. 5, at 7:35.

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 29. . . . **Liberty Bell,** Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . **Laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 31. . . . **Bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Wednesday, Jan. 2, through Saturday, March 16.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays, except New Year's Eve, at 8, from Wednesday, Dec. 26, through Saturday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Vienna Choir Boys:** Gerald Trabesinger directing. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Friday through Monday, Dec. 28-31, at 2.). . . **Light Opera of Manhattan:** "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 29-30, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, Jan. 5, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . **Oscar Brand:** Folksinger. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 30, at 1.)

Stage Shows—By the **Bil Baird Marionettes:** "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 26-30, and Saturday, Jan. 5, all at 1 and 3:30.). . . **Blue Peacock Players:** "Tapestry of Tales." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 29, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult:). . . **City Center Acting Company:** "Scapin." (Billy Rose Theatre, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Friday, Dec. 28, at 2.) . . . **Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium:** "The Splendors of Cathay." (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Sunday, Dec. 30, at 11:30 and 3.). . . **King's Players:** "Rainbow Junction." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 2. . . . ¶ Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2.). . . **Meri Mini Players:** "Guess Again." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **National Theatre Company:** "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Dec. 26, at 11 and 2.). . . **Prince Street Players:** "Cinderella." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 11 and 2.). . . **Rod Young's Puppet Theatre:** "Creative Puppetry." (Fifth Ave. Presbyterian Church Auditorium, 7 W. 55th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 27-29, at 1 and 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.). . . **Theatre Dance Collection:** "Harlequin." (Clark Theatre, West Side Y.W.C.A., Eighth Ave. at 51st St. 246-4818. Wednesday through Monday, Dec. 26-31, at 11:30.). . . **Traveling Playhouse:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 27, at 1.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Christmas Sky." Starting Thursday, Jan. 3, there will be a new show, "Spaceship Earth." (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 26-29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Sunday, Dec. 30, at 1, 2, 3, and 4; Monday, Dec. 31, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; New Year's Day at 1, 2:30, and 4; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 2-4, at 2 and 3:30; and Saturday, Jan. 5, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"What Christmas Means to Me," a selection of paintings, drawings, prints, and collages, produced by children in over thirty countries. Loaned by the Christian Children's Fund. Through Jan. 27. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

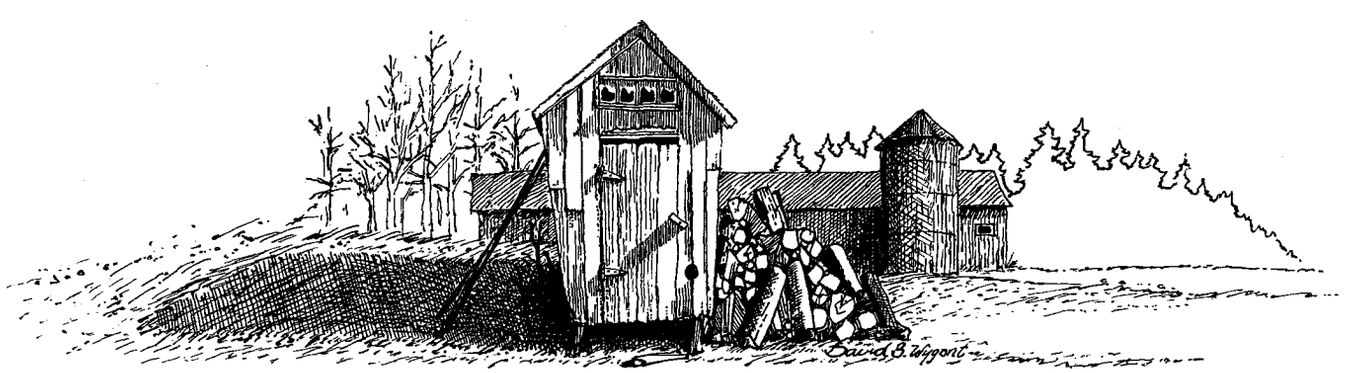
Movies—A benefit performance of "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory," with Gene Wilder and Jack Albertson. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Thursday, Dec. 27, at 10.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 26-28, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, from 8 to 10 A.M.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public



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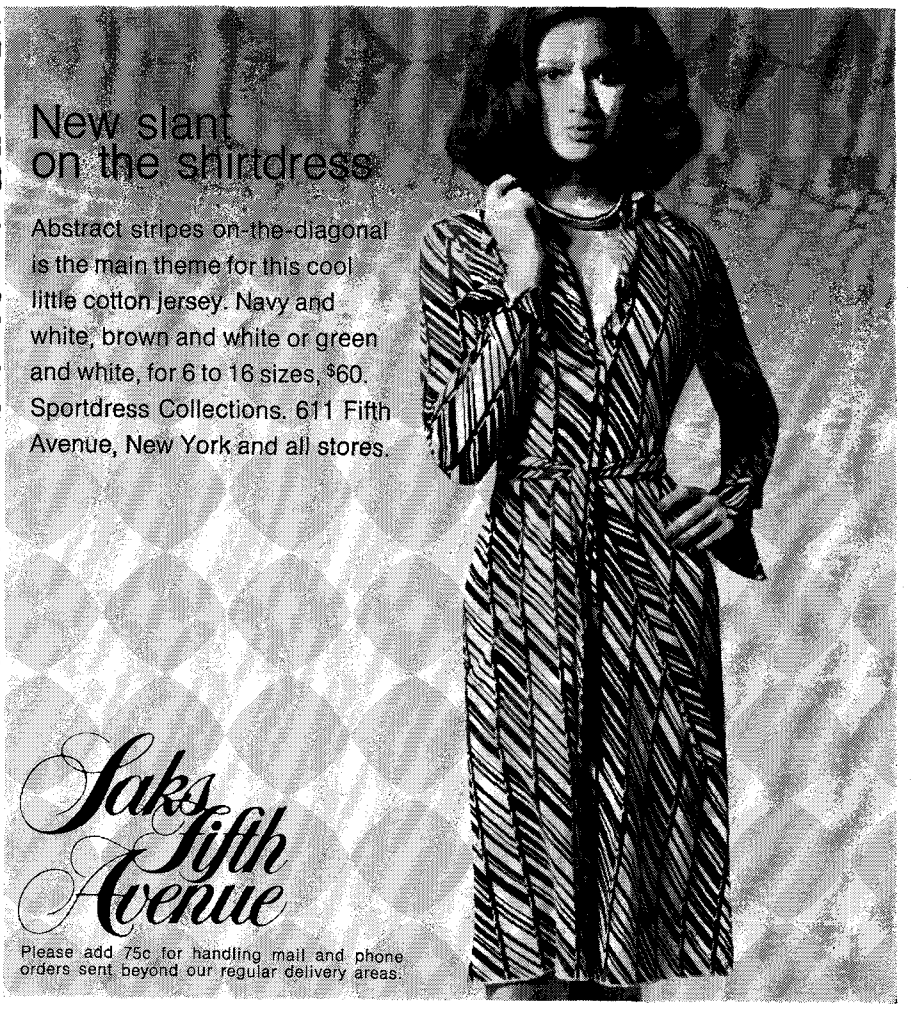
lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily. Closed New Year's Day.

COMET KOHOUTEK—This new comet, discovered last March, will put on its most brilliant display for observers in the Northern Hemisphere between Tuesday, Jan. 1, and Thursday, Jan. 17. The best time for viewing will be shortly after sunset, when the comet should be visible in the western sky, just to the right of Venus.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 5:30: "Kashima Paradise" (1973), in French, directed by Benie Deswarte and Yann le Masson; no English titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 8: "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (1936), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Fred MacMurray and Sylvia Sidney. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2: "Kiss of Death" (1949), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Victor Mature and Brian Donlevy. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 5:30 and Dec. 29 at noon: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1961), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Gunnar Björnstrand. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 3: "The House on 92nd Street" (1945), directed by Henry Hathaway, with William Eythe and Signe Hasso. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 5:30: "Man of the Forest" (1933), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Randolph Scott and Barton MacLane; and "To the Last Man" (1933), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Randolph Scott and Gail Patrick. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2: "Down to the Sea in Ships" (1949), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Richard Widmark and Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 5:30: "Fourteen Hours" (1951), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Richard Basehart and Paul Douglas. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2: "The House on 92nd Street" (1945). . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2: "The Desert Fox" (1951), directed by Henry Hathaway, with James Mason and Jessica Tandy. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 5:30: "Niagara" (1953), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe and Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 5:30: "Seven Thieves" (1960), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Edward G. Robinson and Rod Steiger. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 5:30: "Call Northside 777" (1948), directed by Henry Hathaway, with James Stewart and Richard Conte. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 8: "The Desert Fox" (1951). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle, (LT 1-2311)—Dec. 26: A program of cartoons by Tex Avery. . . . ¶ Dec. 27: A program of cartoons by Chuck Jones. . . . ¶ Dec. 28: "The Merry Widow" (1934), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier. . . . ¶ Dec. 29: A program of cartoons by Robert Clampett. . . . ¶ Dec. 30: A program of cartoons by Max and Dave Fleischer. . . . ¶ Jan. 2: A program of cartoons by Friz Freleng. . . . ¶ Jan. 3: A program of cartoons by Robert Clampett. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 4 and 6, Fridays at 5 and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 4, and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center on the day of the showing.). . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 2: A program of fourteen animated films. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 3: A program of eight "outrageous" films; no one under eighteen will be admitted. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—On New Year's Eve, from 10:30 P.M. to 12:30 A.M., a free party will be given by the city's Parks Administration at Bethesda Fountain in Central Park; music, balloons, refreshments (not free), and fireworks are on the agenda. A parade, featuring a sixty-piece band and a dance group, will form at the 60th Street and Fifth Avenue entrance to the Park at 10:30 and proceed up the Mall to the Fountain.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"American Graffiti."
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 29: "You'll Never Get Rich" and "You Were Never Lovelier."
Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "Becky Sharp" and "Midnight."
From Jan. 2: "These Three" and "Dead End."
ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 29: "A Touch of Class" and "Bedazzled."
Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "A Touch of Class" and "César and Rosalie."
From Jan. 2: "Billy Jack" and another feature, to be announced.
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Grande Bouffe."
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"American Graffiti."
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serpico."
EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Seven-Ups."
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Don't Look Now."
TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Jimi Hendrix."
FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Happy New Year."
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Alfredo Alfredo."
BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."
CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sleeper."
EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Jan. 1: "The Way We Were."
From Jan. 2: To be announced.
EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Jan. 1: "The Way We Were."
From Jan. 2: To be announced.
CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don Quixote."
CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."
CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Dec. 26: "A Night at the Opera" and "The Big Store."
Dec. 27-Jan. 2: "Chaplin's Art of Comedy" and "The Great Dictator."
From Jan. 3: Chaplin Comedies and "The Gold Rush."
COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Cinderella Liberty."
COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"American Graffiti."
BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Laughing Policeman."
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fantastic Planet."
LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Papillon."
72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 1: "A Touch of Class."
From Jan. 2: "Cops and Robbers."
JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Dec. 27: "The Deadly Trackers."
From Dec. 28: "The Paper Chase."
JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Executive Action."
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Long Goodbye."
U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Seven-Ups."
LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Papillon."
LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Sting."
86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Magnum Force."
R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Five on the Black Hand Side."
R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Hell Up in Harlem."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Executive Action."
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Mean Streets."
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Way We Were."
QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 1 at one or another of the theatres: "Modern Times" and "The Gold Rush"/"The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Heat."...¶Through Dec. 27: "Jeremy" and "Slither."...¶Through Dec. 27: "The Big Sleep" and "White Heat."...¶From Dec. 28: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy."...¶Dec. 28-30: "To Have and Have Not" and "The Roaring Twenties."...¶Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "High Sierra" and "Arsenic and Old Lace."
ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Dec. 26: Avant-garde films.
Dec. 27-Jan. 2: "The Betty Boop Scandals of 1974" and "High School Confidential."
From Jan. 3: "El Topo" and "Yellow Submarine."
23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 27: "Jeremy" and "Slither."
From Dec. 28: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing."
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Charlotte's Web" and "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."
MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin Hood."
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."
PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"A King in New York."
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Dec. 27: "La Strada" and "Nights of Cabiria."
Dec. 28-30: "Darling" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "If..." and "Zero for Conduct."
Jan. 2-3: "A Separate Peace" and "Lord of the Flies."
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"England Made Me."
PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Way We Were."
CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 27: "The Long Goodbye."
From Dec. 28: "The Paper Chase."
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 1: "A Touch of Class" and "The Harrad Experiment."
From Jan. 2: To be announced.
EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Jan. 1: "Ash Wednesday."
From Jan. 2: "Jonathan Livingston Seagull."
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Way We Were."
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Executive Action."
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 27: "Jeremy" and "Slither."
From Dec. 28: "The Long Goodbye" and "The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing."
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"A King in New York" and "City Lights."
NOTE—A few specialist film houses—**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. This weekend is nonmusical—Friday through Sunday, Dec. 28-30: "Of Human Bondage" (1934; Bette Davis and Leslie Howard) and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings, in German).... **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays.... **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ALFREDO ALFREDO—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Pietro Germi. In Italian. (Plaza.)

AMERICAN GRAFFITI—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Art, Gramercy, and Columbia II.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie, because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Quad Cinema 2; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

ASH WEDNESDAY—In a few scenes, Elizabeth Taylor is done up like Arletty playing Garance in "Children of Paradise," and she's absolutely ravishing, in an unearthly, ageless way. But the film is a long-drawn-out ghoulish commercial for cosmetic surgery—made, apparently, for people who can't think of anything to do with their lives but go backward. Jean-Claude Tramont is credited with the script and Larry Peerce is credited with the direction, but there is no script and there is no direction. With Keith Baxter, Helmut Berger, and Henry Fonda giving a sour, dumb performance. (Loews 83rd St.; through Jan. 1.)

BECKY SHARP (1935)—More famous for its color design and its experimental use of Technicolor than for its dramatic qualities. Rouben Mamoulian directed this only intermittently compelling version of "Vanity Fair." Miriam Hopkins is the naughty witch herself, and the cast includes Frances Dee, Cedric Hardwicke, Alison Skipworth, Nigel Bruce, and Billie Burke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

BEDAZZLED (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 29.)

THE BETTY BOOP SCANDALS OF 1974—A cross-section of the animated films of the Max Fleischer studio, including excerpts from such series as Out of the Inkwell, Talkartoons, the Bouncing Ball shorts, and Betty Boop. (Elgin; Dec. 27-Jan. 2.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Quad Cinema 2; through Dec. 27.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 26.)

BILLY JACK (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up

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movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Jan. 2.)

César and Rosalie (1972)—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

Chaplin Comedies—Mementos from the silent past: "A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms," and "The Pilgrim." The last two are excellent. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Jan. 3.)

Chaplin's Art of Comedy—A compilation of some of his early films. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 27-Jan. 2.)

Charlotte's Web—A mediocre animated musical version of the E. B. White story; a betrayal, though probably more through insensitivity and lack of imagination than through deliberate vulgarization. (Guild.)

Cinderella Liberty—With James Caan and Marsha Mason, directed by Mark Rydell. (Columbia 1.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Olympia.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life. (72nd Street East; starting Jan. 2.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie as a mod girl who doesn't feel "complete," in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 28-30.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Festival.)

The Day of the Dolphin—With George C. Scott, directed by Mike Nichols. (Ziegfeld.)

Dead End (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontations of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick; Claire Trevor as his old girl friend who has turned whore; and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting characters of the poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. William Wyler directed, Gregg Toland did the cinematography, Lillian Hellman did the screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 2.)

The Deadly Trackers—With Richard Harris and Rod Taylor, directed by Barry Shear. (Juliet 1; through Dec. 27.)

Don Quixote—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, and Robert Helpmann as the Don, and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles. (Ciné Malibu.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (Sutton.)

England Made Me—Very slight, but it has a hushed, becalmed quality that is pleasing. Adapted from a Graham Greene novel published in 1935, this movie is about an amiable, giddy young Englishman (Michael York)—a schoolboy at heart—at loose in Nazi Germany. Hildegard Neil plays his sister, the mistress of a humorless swindler-financier (Peter Finch), and Michael Hordern turns up as a mildewed old newspaperman. Understated and rarefied, the movie often seems more Noël Coward than Graham Greene, but that's partly because Greene in 1935 wasn't yet quite Greene. It's far from great and far from original, but it's not bad, and York gives one of his best performances. Peter Duffell directed. (Paris.)

Executive Action—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. It's a dodo-bird of a movie, the winner of the "Tora! Tora! Tora!" prize—in miniature—for 1973, with matchlessly dull performances from a cast that includes Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer. Dalton Trumbo wrote the script from a story by Donald Freed and Mark Lane; David Miller directed. (Juliet 2, Waverly, and Symphony.)

The Exorcist—Based on the William Peter Blatty book, with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, and Lee J. Cobb. Directed by William Friedkin. (Cinema 1.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ First Avenue Screening Room; starting Jan. 3.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Cinema Village.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 27-Jan. 2.)

Happy New Year—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Harrad Experiment—With James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Regency; through Jan. 1.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 1.)

Hell Up in Harlem—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

High School Confidential (1958)—With Russ Tamblyn and Jan Sterling, directed by Jack Arnold. (Elgin; Dec. 27-Jan. 2.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, was imitated widely both abroad and here, and it set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Quad Cinema 2; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

Jeremy—Softhearted love film about two peculiarly old-seeming teen-age lovers played, very respectfully, by Robby Benson and Glynnis O'Connor. The film somehow submits to us a heavy feeling of love in a geriatric ward. Written and directed by Arthur Barron. (Quad Cinema 1, 23rd St. Cinema, and Thalia; through Dec. 27.)

Jimi Hendrix—A documentary assembled by Joe Boyd. (Trans-Lux East.)

Jonathan Livingston Seagull—Based on the

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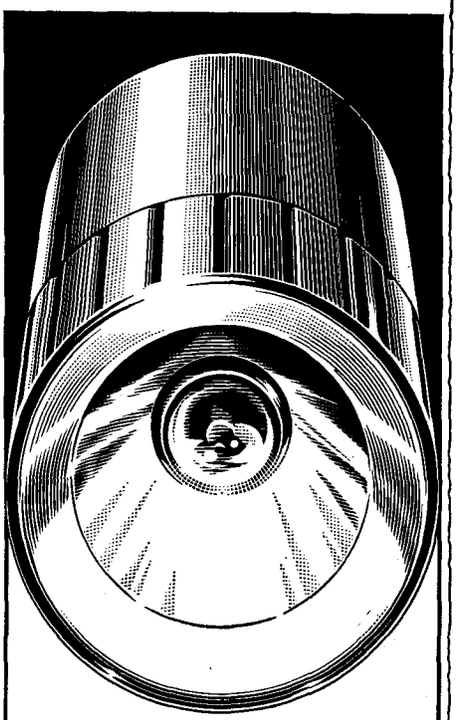

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Richard Bach novel, directed by Hall Bartlett. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Jan. 2.)

A KING IN NEW YORK (1957)—Don't be misled by the public-relations attempt to suggest that this Chaplin film has never before been shown in the United States because of its controversial political nature. It's about as political as a pratfall at the United Nations, and it wasn't shown because it's an incomparable dog—maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Playboy, and Olympia.)

THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN—With Walter Matthau and Bruce Dern, directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Beekman.)

THE LONG GOODBYE—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 1, 23rd St. Cinema, and Thalia; starting Dec. 28.)

LORD OF THE FLIES (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 2-3.)

MAGNUM FORCE—Clint Eastwood in a sequel to "Dirty Harry." Directed by Ted Post. (86th St. East.)

THE MAN WHO LOVED CAT DANCING—With Burt Reynolds and Sarah Miles, directed by Richard Sarafian. (23rd St. Cinema, and Thalia; starting Dec. 28.)

MEAN STREETS—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

MIDNIGHT (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, and Don Ameche. Ameche actually has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 1.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brotheras, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (First Avenue Screening Room; Dec. 26.)

NIGHTS OF CABIRIA (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 27.)

THE PAPER CHASE—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Juliet 1, and Cinema Studio; starting Dec. 28.)

PAPILLON—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Loews Tower East. and Loews Orpheum.)

THE ROARING TWENTIES (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simpleminded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Quad Cinema 2; Dec. 28-30.)

ROBIN HOOD—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Music Hall.)

A SEPARATE PEACE (1972)—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think that conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 2-3.)

SERPICO—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a

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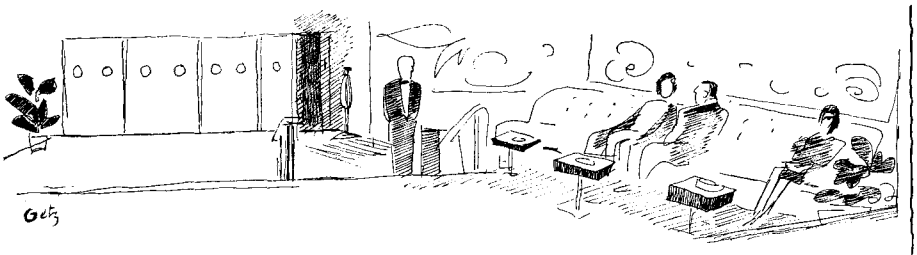

cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

THE SEVEN-UPS—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East.)

SLEEPER—Directed by, and with, Woody Allen. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

SLITHER—The first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Quad Cinema 1, 23rd St. Cinema, and Thalia; through Dec. 27.)

THE STING—With Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw, directed by George Roy Hill. (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

LA STRADA (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif. Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 27.)

SUMMER WISHES, WINTER DREAMS—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness and unfulfillment and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 28-30.)

THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Cinema II.)

THESE THREE (1936)—A beautifully made early version of the Lillian Hellman play "The Children's Hour," which effectively transposes the lesbian accusation to a heterosexual accusation. Merle Oberon (in one of her better performances), Joel McCrea, and Miriam Hopkins are the three leads; Bonita Granville is the ghastly, tale-bearing child; and Catherine Doucet is her nasty rich grandmother. William Wyler, who directed, also made the later version (with Shirley MacLaine and Audrey Hepburn), which restored the original material, but "These Three" is a better movie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 2.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Directed by Howard Hawks, with a general jokey love of honky-tonk. Courtship sparring between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and a then newcomer called Lauren Bacall, dusky-voiced and nervy, all mock toughness. Loosely based on Hemingway, about Bogart tangled up in Vichy violence in the West Indies. (Quad Cinema 2; Dec. 28-30.)

EL TOPO (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; starting Jan. 3.)

A TOUCH OF CLASS—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Regency; through Jan. 1.)

THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Quad Cinema 1; starting Dec. 28.)

THE WAY WE WERE—Barbra Streisand plays a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right, and Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Streisand and Redford turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (Greenwich, Paramount, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ East 59th Street I, and East 59th Street II; through Jan. 1.)

WHITE HEAT (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naïveté and obviousness were too glaring even in 1949. Though it's fun to see tough-guy James Cagney sitting on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), the picture is so primitive it seems much older than it is. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Quad Cinema 2; through Dec. 27.)

WILLY WONKA AND THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY (1971)—A fantasy with music for children that never finds an appropriate style; it's stilted and frenetic, like Prussians at play. With Gene Wilder and Jack Albertson, directed by Mel Stuart; from the Roald Dahl story. (Guild.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Elgin; starting Jan. 3.)

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH (1941)—Fred Astaire is pressed into the military at a wretched time for getting his girl, but the show he's doing still goes on, and he manages to nab Rita Hayworth as well. Cole Porter songs. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 29.)

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER (1942)—Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth—with Astaire pursuing her by the route of her matchmaking father, who is played by Adolphe Menjou. Quite endearing punk, with tunes including "You Were Never Lovelier" itself, "Dearly Beloved," and "I'm Old-Fashioned." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 29.)

ZERO FOR CONDUCT (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

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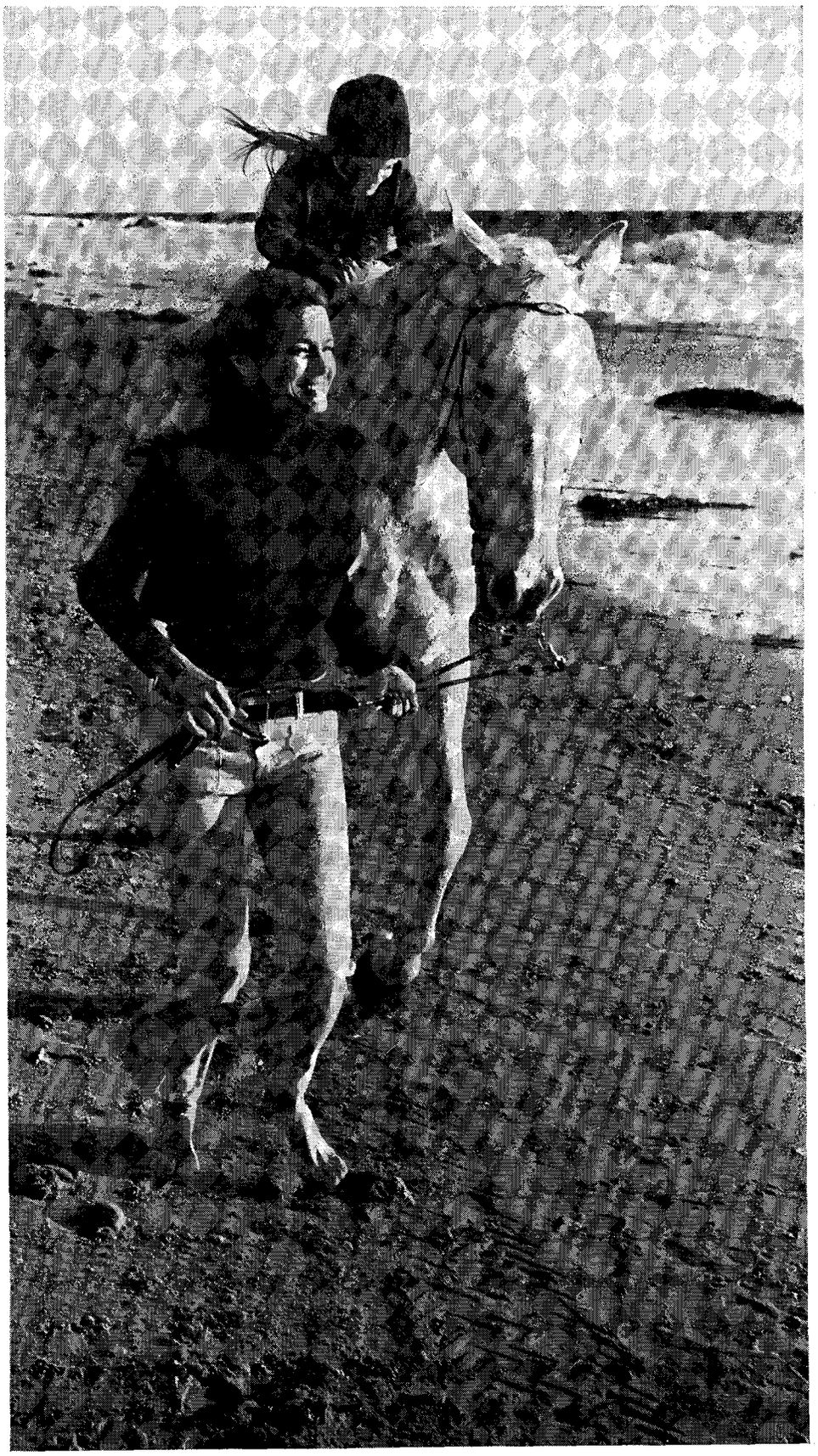

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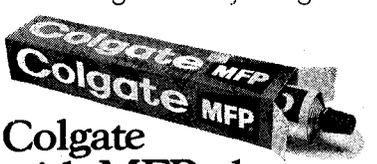

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

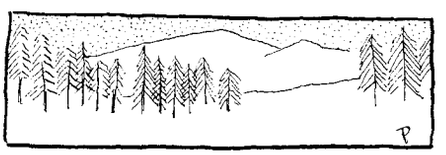
Notes and Comment

THE other day, we turned to an inside page of the New York *Times* and read that the London *Sunday Times* had warned in an editorial that if the economic crisis in England continued, "most of the props of our social universe—prosperity, justice, work itself—will be knocked aside." We knew what the *Sunday Times* was talking about, because a few days before, on the C.B.S. evening news, toward the end of the program, we had learned that Prime Minister Heath had closed down British industry for nearly half of each week in order to conserve energy. And we had seen other stories, scattered through different sections of the papers, spelling out what did indeed sound like a return to a primitive stage of existence in Britain. We had read that food shortages were rumored, that full heating was allowed in only one room of each house, that ground transportation was slowing, that air service was jeopardized, that blackouts had occurred over large parts of the nation, that there was talk of "chaos" and "class war." Sometimes the stories were hard to find. Governor Rockefeller's political maneuverings, for instance, were played up as much bigger news. England, it seemed, was quietly drowning in the back pages of American newspapers.

Few measures of support have been forthcoming either from the Common Market nations or from us. The day before Heath's speech, Secretary of State Kissinger proposed the formation of a European, Canadian, Japanese, and American "energy action group" to think up ways of dealing with the energy crisis over a long term. But any solutions that may lie that way are far in the future, and Britain's crisis is immediate. Not long ago, when our government came to believe that the southern part of Vietnam was threatened by the northern part, and imagined that a collapse in the south would in some way threaten us and our allies, we began to call the leader of the south the Churchill of Asia and came up with a hundred billion dollars or so to help out. Now, at a time when, because of the energy crisis, there is a common peril that is real (although it is not military), the United States and its allies seem unable or unwilling to make sacrifices or to act in common to come to the aid of England—a nation that thirty-three years ago taught this century the meaning of steadfastness and sacrifice and common purpose under the leadership of the original Churchill. Somewhere along the line, the very notion of common purpose seems to have been lost. For the United States, the collapse of England, the nation that gave us our law, our language, and much of our moral tradition, would be a tragic event of immeasurable import. Yet we are left with perfunctory news stories of cold houses, food shortages, and industrial breakdown when the situation seems to cry out for other stories: stories of the drawing up of whatever trade and monetary agreements are needed to help, of planes taking off, of ships leaving ports. Stories, that is, not of "action groups" but of action.

•

A RATHER well-off Montclair man, following President Nixon's lead in giving his San Clemente estate to the nation, has decided to buy the World Trade Center and give *it* to the nation. "I will, of course, retain a life interest in the property," he writes, "and my wife and I plan to make our little nest on the seventieth floor—the seventieth or seventy-first, somewhere around there—during what are called the golden years. It's a sacrifice (I'm a bit of an acrophobe), but the nation has been good to us, and Molly and I feel that it deserves the best. It did cross my mind to buy Japan and give Japan to the nation, but my accountant has informed me that the legalities involved are, unfortunately, quite murky. So we settled for the Trade Center. We expect to have a terrific view and a really smashing Schedule A."



Progress

WE stopped in at the Museum of Natural History's former Biology of Mammals Hall the other day to watch the demolition of one of its proudest fixtures of the past—the model of a seventy-six-foot blue whale, which was on display from 1907 until 1969. Workmen had been hacking away at its plaster of Paris, wire netting, papier-mâché, iron framework, and wood with hammers and crowbars for several days, and only the head—approximately twenty per cent of the animal—had been reduced to rubble. "We're going to keep the eyes and auction them off at a benefit in March," Mr. Ira Knaster, of the museum's Office of Public Affairs, said. The whale has been bumped by a *ninety-four*-foot, fibre-glass-and-plastic blue whale, the creation of Dr. Richard G. Van Gelder, the museum's mammalogy chief, whom we have long known to be an authority on the classification of skunks. Dr. Van Gelder has been classifying and reclassifying skunks for more than twenty years, and we went upstairs to his office to see how he was coming along.

He said that he has turned, at least for the nonce, to a behavior study of the nyala antelope in Mozambique. So far, the nonce has lasted four years. For three or four weeks every year, Dr. Van Gelder goes to the area of the Zinave National Park, where he is assisted in his research by José Tello, the park's resident ecologist. "Male nyalas have two-foot horns, but they have rarely been seen fighting," Dr. Van Gelder said. "They maintain their

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dominance by display; they conquer by a challenge. Thomson's gazelles fight frequently, and so do many other horned antelopes, but nyalas use their horns to knock branches down to get at the leaves. They're browsers. They eat about fifty different plants—leaves, buds, flowers, and bark. We have a study area of thirty-two square kilometres in the park. The nyalas are hard to see, because of dense thickets. We work from an open Jeep. We drug them. When we spot one, at thirty metres, we shoot a syringe into him with a dart gun. The syringe contains a combination of M-99—a morphinelike drug—and a tranquillizer. The animal becomes unconscious in four to seven minutes. We measure and weigh him, attach a plastic tag to one ear, and put a radio transmitter on a collar around his neck. This takes ten to fifteen minutes. Then we shoot an antidote into a vein in one of his ears. I don't know what this is—it's called M-283—but it's marvellous. The antelope gets up and walks away in a minute. The sound from the transmitters enables us to detect their wearers in thickets later on, so we can study their range and movements. The park has twelve hundred square kilometres. Its lions were shot out in the days when it was a hunting area—it was proclaimed a national park only last July—but it contains, besides nyalas and elephants, waterbuck, impalas, bushbuck, and kudus, along with warthogs, hyenas, and wild dogs."

On his most recent trip, last summer, Dr. Van Gelder took along—for the first time—his wife; their four-year-old daughter, Leslie; and their sons, Gordon, six, and Russell, ten. They lived in a thatched hut in the park's tourist camp. "The children loved it," Dr. Van G. said. "All the comforts of home. Ice for drinks, wild game for meat. There's no domestic livestock, because it's a tsetse-fly zone. Impala is delicious—something like beef. The cane rat, a big rat that we trap, is good as an hors d'oeuvre. The park is on the south side of the Save River, and on the other side there's a hunting concession, where we get our meat. I try to go a different month every year, to observe seasonal changes. Do nyalas have a restricted breeding season? Apparently not. They seem to have babies all year round."

The telephone rang; it was a call for us from Mr. Knaster. "One of the whale's eyes has been somewhat damaged," he said. "They were apparently made from old light bulbs. The other eye is on its way to my office from the carpenter shop. I'll turn it over to one of our vice-presidents."

We expressed sympathy.

"Never mind," Mr. Knaster said. "The remaining eye will be a unique item at the auction."

Tour

AT eight-thirty on Monday morning of last week, a disc jockey for WNEW-FM announced that he had just received a telephone call from a woman who said she had been skiing in the streets of Riverdale. A reporter for this department heard that announcement, and, not to be outdone by anyone in the Bronx, he set out soon afterward to ski through Central Park. His tour took him from the Park entrance at Fifth Avenue and Ninety-sixth Street to the Plaza Hotel, near which he caught a bus to his office, and he reports that he was probably one of the few people in this city who arrived at work that day in a cheerful state. (Some people, waylaid by the most severe snowstorm in nearly two years, did not arrive at all.) He had found the Park in perfect condition for cross-country skiing. A firm white crust covered the ground, allowing a skier to glide easily across fields and slopes. The reporter saw tree branches coated with ice; a playground whose swings and benches had a frosting like a cake's; a man walking a German shepherd, which stared nervously at the shuffling skis and darted away; a soulful-looking man in a blue overcoat and with a wavy red beard like a sadhu's; a small boy carrying a white football and chasing a girl with scarlet mittens; the Lake, flat and gray under the snow, like a photographer's ground glass; and two Parks Department workmen taking a coffee break in the boathouse at the Lake. At the end of the tour, the reporter came across one of those rare New Yorkers, apart from some who live on the lower East Side, who pay in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars a month for housing; this was a young blond woman who ran up to him, shouting, "Wow! Are those cross-country skis? And you're doing it right here in the Park! I've been wanting to get into it." She turned out to be Ann Kilkenny, and she lives aboard a forty-six-foot Chris-Craft moored, for a hundred and fifteen dollars a month, at the Seventy-ninth Street Boat Basin.

No other skiers were spotted on the tour. Curious about this fact—since cross-country skiing is often spoken of as a burgeoning sport—the reporter made a few calls when he reached his office. Jim Thompson, the manager of the Princeton Skate & Ski Chalet, on Fifth Avenue, said that he sometimes organizes informal ski tours of Central Park on weekends and evenings. At the moment, though, he was busy with the Christmas-shopping rush. Knud Christiansen, the manager of the cross-country department of the Scandinavian Ski Shops, on West Fifty-seventh Street, said that last winter he had tried to set up an enormous cross-country ski race in Central Park. "We sent out questionnaires before the season," he said, "and on the basis of the responses we could have had two or three thousand competitors. From all over the tri-state area. We got permission from the Parks Department. Unfortunately, it didn't snow all winter. But if we have another storm like this one, we would like to do it next January or February."

S.F.S.

OF late, Mars has been making one of its periodic swings

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"Must be a co-op."

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close to Earth's orbit, Russian scientists have been picking up mysterious signals from outer space on their radio telescopes, unidentified flying objects have been sighted in at least six places across the United States, and two men in Pascagoula, Mississippi, told the local sheriff that they had been taken aboard a "fish-shaped" spacecraft and photographed by three alien beings who had silvery-gray skin and long, pointed ears and who made a "buzzing-humming" sound. Given the present state of domestic and international affairs, it is certainly tempting to try to read a pattern into all these curious events. To get some expert opinions, we took a subway down to 56 Eighth Avenue, where, by a curious coincidence, the Science Fiction Shop—billed as "New York's only bookstore devoted exclusively to science fiction"—was having a pre-opening party for writers, editors, and other professionals in the S.F. field.

The shop is very small and very elegantly done, with a black ceiling and floor, and a series of concave silver panels that curve out from the walls between the shelf units. (The panels resemble crescent moons or the ribs of a spaceship hull, depending on your mood at the moment.) Somewhat to our surprise, the invited guests who filled the tiny shop were not talking about U.F.O.s or pointy-eared aliens. In fact, the most animated conversation we heard on our arrival was some old-fashioned shoptalk between A. M. Lightner, a woman who writes S.F. novels for young people, and Baird Searles, one of the store's owners. Miss Lightner was complaining that her most recent book, "Gods or Demons?"—a copy of which she happened to have under her arm—was not to be found on the shelves, and that an earlier novel of hers, "Space Olympics," was in the adult section instead of with the juveniles, where it belonged. Searles promised to correct both errors as soon as possible, and he

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assured Miss Lightner that once the pre-opening frenzy was over, the shop would live up to its avowed goal of stocking *every* science-fiction and fantasy title in print, both hardcover and paperback.

Two science-fiction fans—an English journalist named Pat Williams and an American painter named Janet Fish—were analyzing the scene in a corner of the shop. Miss Williams used to review science fiction for the English press. Miss Fish once had a suitcase full of the entire run of the *Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, which had been given her by a friend who was going through a period of getting rid of all his possessions.

"Have you ever been to a science-fiction convention?" Miss Williams asked Miss Fish. "I have. They stand around and talk in low voices. When they get together, they are the most paranoiac bunch."

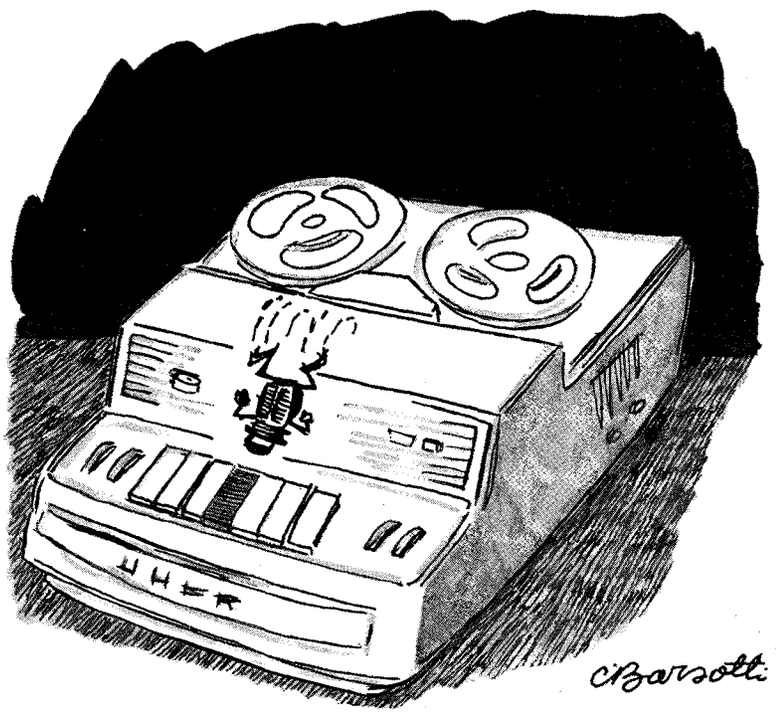
"Well, that's not surprising," said Miss Fish. "Three-quarters of science fiction deals with paranoia."

"And they really are funny people," said Miss Williams. "You can't get them to stand by what they've said. They get these fantastic ideas, and then they get scared by them. They go mining in their heads, you know. And you say to them, 'You've really jumped, you know, and you've picked up on this and this and this.' And they say, 'Oh, that was five books ago. What I'm writing *now* is . . .' They've turned me on to so many things, and they don't turn themselves on. They just want to talk about what writers talk about—publishers, royalties, how well their names are known."

In another corner of the shop, another author, Norman Spinrad, who is a prominent member of science fiction's "new wave," had discovered that neither of his most recent paperback releases, "The Iron Dream" and "Bug Jack Barron," was on the shelves. Again, Searles apologized. "The trouble is," he said, "some publishers are reluctant to ship books to a new bookstore with an unestablished credit rating."

archy strikes again exclamation point
(with apologies to don marquis)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6—Gen. Alexander M. Haig Jr., President Nixon's chief of staff, testified today that White House aides had suspected briefly that "some sinister force" had purposely caused the 18-minute gap on one of the subpoenaed Watergate tape recordings.
—*The Times.*



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Spinrad, who is known among science-fiction fans for his outspokenness, both in print and in person, did not seem particularly upset. "When 'Bug Jack Barron' came out," he said, "I had an autograph party at a bookstore in Los Angeles called A Change of Hobbit, and *they* couldn't get books."

Searles said that he hoped his shop would be more successful in changing the nonchalant attitude of most publishers toward their own science-fiction lists. Searles himself is a well-known figure in the S.F. community. He reviews S.F. books for the *Village Voice* and S.F. films for the *Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*, and he conducted a popular program of S.F. criticism for WBAI-FM a few years ago. When he realized that many of the books he was talking and writing about were unavailable in New York bookstores, he set out to see what could be done about it. After a year of discussions and negotiations, he ended up with two partners, Raph Blasi and Grace von Hulsteyn, and a sizable loan from the Small Business Administration.

We asked Searles how he had managed to convince a stolid federal agency that a science-fiction bookshop was a sound business venture, and he showed us a fact sheet he had prepared, which revealed, among other things, that nearly three-quarters of all college students read science fiction, that more than a hundred and forty colleges are now offering courses in science fiction, and that more and more S.F. paperbacks are being published every year.

Zinka

THIRTY-SIX years to the day after her Metropolitan début, Mme. Zinka Milanov, the indestructible Yugoslav soprano, was the star of the annual Christmas bash of the New York Opera Club. The party convened last Monday night, in the teeth of the snowstorm, at The Ballroom, the classy new SoHo restaurant. The guests of honor were Mme. Milanov and Elinor Ross, one of the dramatic sopranos who have taken over the Milanov repertoire. Mme. Milanov swept in, swathed in blond mink, and was immediately surrounded by adoring fans snapping photos and requesting autographs. "I don't sign anything that is printed," Mme. Milanov said suspiciously as a mimeographed sheet was thrust under her nose. The young man who had done the thrusting explained that the sheet gave directions for reaching The Ballroom. "Then I change my mind," said Mme. Milanov, penning a large, sprawling signature.

During dinner, a gray-haired man leaned across the table and told Miss Ross that he had heard her sing some years ago at the outdoor opera in Cincinnati. "It was 'Andrea Chénier,' if I remember correctly," he said, "and something happened at the very end."

Miss Ross giggled. "The tenor put his hand over my mouth when I started to sing the final high C," she said. "He couldn't sing it, and the score hadn't been transposed down. So he didn't want me up there all alone."

After dinner, William H. Wells, the Opera Club's director, toasted Mme. Milanov in Gallo champagne and handed her a large, square cake. Mme.

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Milanov picked up a knife and held it, point down, over the cake.

"That's Scarpia right down there!" a voice called out.

"I prefer to think of a tenor," said Mme. Milanov, cutting the cake.

Visible Symbol

ON December 9, 1936, the United States Supreme Court heard arguments in the case of De Jonge v. Oregon—an appeal from the conviction of Dirk De Jonge, who had been sentenced to seven years in prison for talking about police brutality at an open meeting sponsored by the Communist Party. To the astonishment of the assembled Justices, the appellant's lawyer, Osmond K. Fraenkel, spoke for only eight minutes, and sat down. Apparently, his "brief" was compelling, for less than a month later Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes delivered the Court's unanimous—and landmark—decision on the case, which reversed De Jonge's conviction and made freedom of assembly a fundamental right of all citizens. On October 10, 1973, Fraenkel argued his twenty-sixth case before the Supreme Court—United States v. Richardson, which involved an attempt to force the Central Intelligence Agency to make its budget a matter of public record. This time, he took the full Court allotment of thirty minutes, and afterward his colleagues kidded him about getting old. A week later, he turned eighty-five. As a member of the New York bar for sixty years, Fraenkel, who still works full time for the firm of Hays, St. John, Abramson & Heilbron, has represented such clients as the National Lawyers Guild, the Scottsboro Boys, and Frank Costello. As an officer of the American Civil Liberties Union for forty years, Fraenkel has represented, besides De Jonge and Richardson, such clients as Harry Bridges, Bertrand Russell, and the Japanese-Americans who were interned during the Second World War. Today, Fraenkel serves the A.C.L.U., as he has done for many years, as general counsel.

Having a predilection for spry octogenarians, we found an invitation to attend a belated birthday celebration for Fraenkel, which was held the other night by the A.C.L.U., irresistible. The affair was put on at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, and when we got there the place was mobbed. Nearly five hundred people had shown up—most of them younger people than the occasion might have been expected to attract. All in all, it was a well-heeled, attractive crowd, and as we made our way into it we heard a pin-striped man with a lovely blonde on his arm appraise it by saying, "I would support a Constitutional amendment confining the electorate to the people at this dinner." Edging our way along—gingerly past a steely-eyed young woman wearing a button that said "Uppity Women Unite"—we noted a number of libertarians on hand, such as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Albert Blumenthal, and Morris L. Ernst. Finally, we broke into the open in a corner, and found a vivacious friend there by the name of Beverly Kempton, who is a literary scout for *Playboy* and the wife of Murray Kempton. We asked her why *she* was there, and she said, "For the same reason most others are here—to honor a visible symbol of civil liberties." Nodding, we moved on, and ran into Burt Neuborne, a young lawyer with black hair and black-rimmed Barry Goldwater glasses, who is the A.C.L.U.'s assistant legal director. We asked him if the visible symbol was around, and he pointed to a cluster of people nearby, in the center of whom was a rather short, bald man with a fringe of fluffy white hair, the face of a Roman senator, and the mischievous eye of a pixie. We asked Neuborne for his opinion of Fraenkel, and he said, "Osmond is somewhat more tradition-minded than many of our other officers. But he's sharp as a razor, he wants to know everything that goes on, and he's a first-rate lawyer. His argument before the Court in the Richardson case last October was brilliant—absolutely brilliant. You know, Osmond hates the telephone. If he's forced to speak on it, he uses as few words as possible. You can have a long, complicated discussion with him over the phone and come away realizing that he's spoken only four syllables. It's the closest thing there is to Morse code in human speech. At our monthly meetings, we order up sandwiches and coffee for all the board members except Osmond. He gets a big container of chocolate ice cream. As far as I can make out, he lives on chocolate ice cream."

We couldn't see during dinner whether Fraenkel, seated at the center of the dais above us, was living on chocolate ice cream rather than the chicken that the rest of us had been condemned to, but we hoped so. After the meal was cleared away, the speakers took over. Among them were Edward J. Ennis, chairman of the

"S Bogom, da dâ Bog!"

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"Get behind your façade! What on earth makes you think I want to get behind your façade?"

• •

A.C.L.U. board, who said, "What we are really celebrating here is youth;" Roger Baldwin, the astonishingly vigorous eighty-nine-year-old co-founder of the fifty-three-year-old A.C.L.U., who waved a card that Fraenkel had just given him—an invitation from Baldwin, when he was a senior at Harvard, to Fraenkel, then a freshman, to join Baldwin and some friends for beer and a talk one day in the fall of 1904; James A. Wechsler, columnist and editorial-page editor of the *Post*, and Fraenkel's son-in-law, who said that his good relationship with Fraenkel "violates certain Freudian principles of essential hostility;" Sheldon Ackley, chairman of the board of the New York Civil Liberties Union (whose legal-policy committee Fraenkel heads), who said that the guest of honor was "absolutely innocent of pride," and presented him with the Florina Lasker Civil Liberties Award and a birthday present, a David Levine portrait of Fraenkel; Fraenkel, who spoke half as long on his own behalf as he once had on De Jonge's, chiefly about "the irony of being honored for something you love to do;" and, finally, Henry Steele Commager, the American historian, who spoke about injustice, saying, "One could go on and on," and did. During his disquisition, we turned to a neighbor at our table, Carey McWilliams, the editor of *The Nation*, and asked what he thought about Fraenkel. "Character—he's a man of character," McWilliams said. A few minutes later, the banquet ended, and we got up to go. On our way out, we saw Fraenkel hurry by, clutching the Levine picture to his side and nodding and half bowing to those he recognized. Noticing Neuborne standing near us, we stopped to say goodbye, and he told us, "When the board considered what we should give Osmond for his birthday, the unanimous choice was obvious—a bicycle. Osmond is crazy about bicycles. But then it turned out that he has a bicycle at his place in the country. In the summer, he goes off for a spin now and then. He wears shorts and rides barefoot."

Première

Dustin Hoffman had a perfectly miserable time at the opening of his new movie, "Papillon," one night last week. "Papillon" is a really *big* picture—best-selling book, Hoffman and Steve McQueen heading the cast, an elephantine budget, derived largely from the profits of "Cabaret." Its première, at the Loews State 1, was on a similar scale—red carpet, men and women in dinner clothes arriving in black limousines, flashbulbs, rubbernecking crowds behind police sawhorses. Sleet was falling, and the men and women in dinner clothes tracked ice on the red carpet.

Inside the theatre, Hoffman was standing with five men in dinner jackets. They were having their picture taken. Hoffman had a dark-brown beard, and he wore a light-brown suit. He was like a mole in a den of wolves. There was a hunted look in his eyes. He is known on several continents as a basically shy person.

"Papillon" is as unrelievedly, didactically grim as only a prison movie with a script that Dalton Trumbo has had to do with can be. About halfway through, just after Steve McQueen had survived six months of total darkness in solitary confinement, we decided to take a turn in the lobby. Hoffman had evidently decided to do the same thing. In his case, it was more of a slink. He stayed close to the wall, toying with his beard. A matron approached him near the refreshment stand. "Just wait till my daughter hears I talked to you," she said. Hoffman murmured something polite, and tried to make himself shorter than he already is.

After the movie, everyone went up to the Hilton for a champagne dinner dance to benefit the Will Rogers Hospital and O'Donnell Memorial Research Laboratories and the Will Rogers Teaching Institute. Sometime between the Golden Cheese Straws and the Dessert Surprise Papillon with Sabayon Sauce, there was a fashion show of evening dresses by Saz of India. "This one is for Florida, for Acapulco, for the Côte d'Azur—or what you need to be taken there," Mrs. Stanley Weintraub, who was announcing the show, said into the microphone. We took a turn in the foyer next to the Grand Ballroom. Hoffman was there, too. A gofer had fetched a stack of city editions of the next morning's *Times*, and Hoffman was sitting at a small table reading Vincent Canby's review of "Papillon." We picked up a paper and read along with him. The review was not intolerant. One sentence concerned Hoffman's performance. "Hoffman is not especially convincing as a French counterfeiter, but he is fun to watch as an intelligent character as written," Canby said. As Hoffman read, he frowned slightly and winced almost imperceptibly. He put the paper down with the faintest of shrugs, and stood up to be photographed, one last time, with a group of men in dinner jackets.

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FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR

LAST year, forty-three from the Chaffee (N.D.) area travelled to Freeport (Minn.) for the annual Dad Benson Friendship Dinner. This year, thirty-eight of us from Freeport and New Munich rode the bus up to Chaffee. The cost was $25 round trip (incl. dinner).

The Friendship Dinner, which is hosted by Chaffee in odd years and Freeport in even, honors the memory of my uncle, Walter "Dad" Benson, long beloved in the Midwest for his "Friendly Neighbor" show from radio station WLT in Minneapolis. Uncle Dad, as we sometimes called him, was born in Chaffee in 1894 and resided there for twenty-one years. After his retirement in 1959 he removed to Freeport where he lived with me and Florence until 1965 when he passed away.

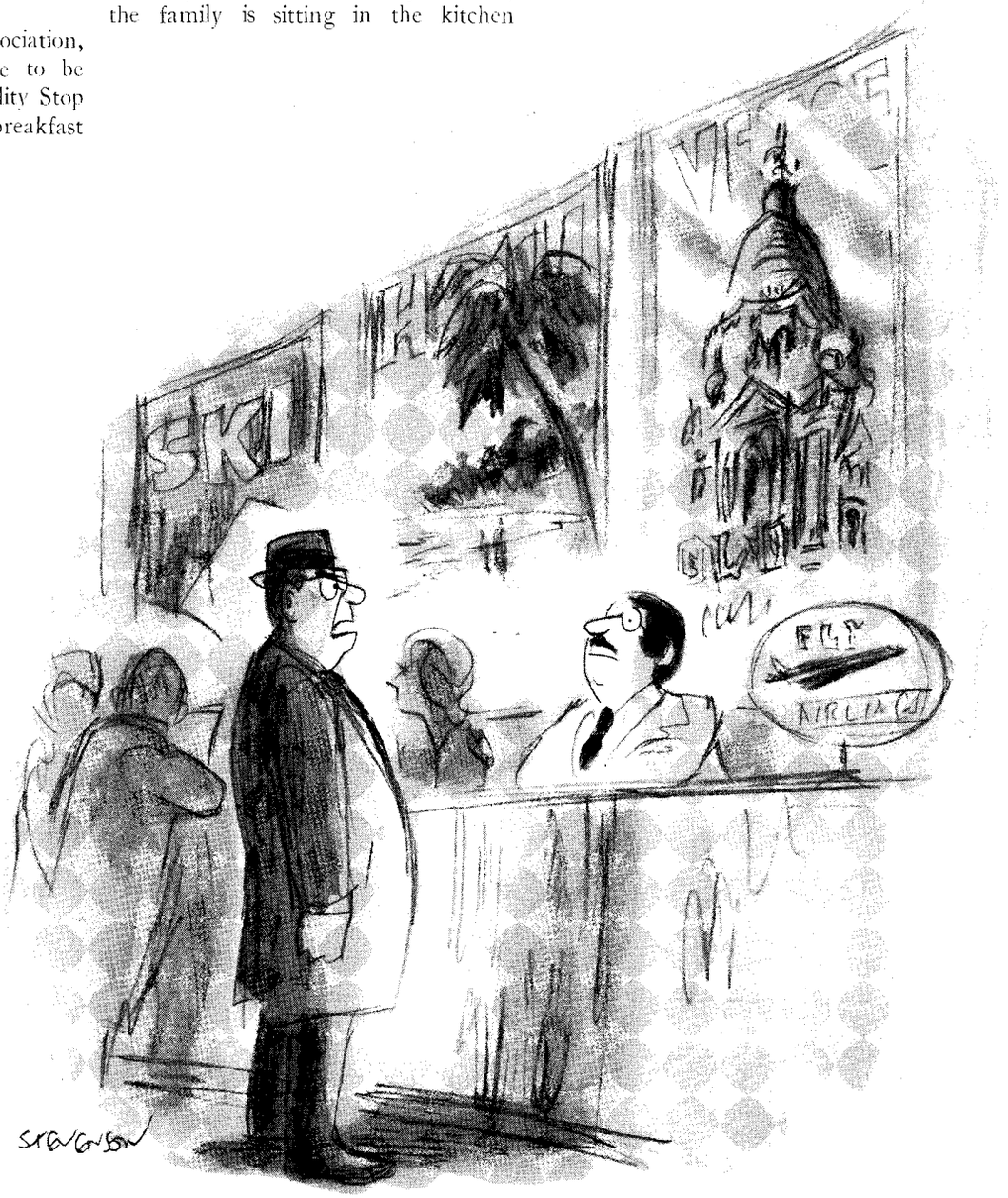
Once again the Freeport Association, of which I have the pleasure to be President, sponsored a Hospitality Stop en route in Fergus Falls for breakfast and refreshments. The stop was held at Fergus Implement which carries our company's (Freeport Machine) line of creamers and automatic milking systems, both the 6-8's and the extendables. Dad Benson was closely associated with the company from 1953 to 1965. The winners of the two free trips to Chaffee and $25 bonds, Vi and Henry O'Connell, both members of the F.M. Twenty Year Employees Club, were also honored by myself, Brother Bob (Vice-President), and Florence (Treasurer).

The theme of the dinner was friendship and coöperation between Minnesota and North Dakota. It was emphasized that the two states share a common heritage of Christian culture. As the visiting delegation traditionally provides the speaker, the talk was given by Rev. Ernest Weiss of Freeport. Music was provided by Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Gruenewald, also of Freeport.

WALTER "DAD" BENSON was a nationally known personality from the days when "Friendly Neighbor" was carried by the Mutual network, but the Midwest was always his home. He knew every small town and crossroads from his early years as a travelling seed salesman, and they knew him as Dad. The show began at noon and in many areas the noon whistle was blown at 11:59 so that residents would have time to let their radios warm up. This was the case in Freeport. Everyone went directly to a radio and no business was done for twenty minutes. We heard the WLT chimes strike twelve, the organ play Dad's theme ("Whispering Lilacs"), and the announcer's voice say, "And now we take you down the road a ways to the home of Dad Benson, his daughter Jo and her husband Frank, for a visit with the Friendly Neighbor, brought to you by Midland Fire & Casualty Insurance. As we join them, the family is sitting in the kitchen around the table where Jo is fixing lunch. . . ."

To those too young to remember the show, it probably seems corny, but to listeners the Bensons were as real as if they did live next door. Rev. Weiss recalled, "I once said to Dad, 'You were a pastor of the flock as much as I, or perhaps more so, for your sermons were in the form of stories, as the parables of old, and brought home spiritual truths far better than preaching ever could. Tens of thousands listened and tens of thousands responded to the message of love for one's fellowman that was ever the keynote of "Friendly Neighbor." ' "

The roles of Frank and Jo were played for many years by Ed and Evelyn Moore, who now reside in Fargo and so were able to attend the dinner. Ed recalled how whenever the Benson



"I want OUT."

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family suffered a misfortune on the air, contributions would pour in to WLT. Of course the money was turned over to charity. "Dad's favorite charity was the Gilead Rest Home in Freeport," Ed told us, "and whenever the Home was short of funds, you could be sure Dad would work in some sort of crisis—a sudden hailstorm that wiped out the corn, a needed operation for the dog—and the deficit would be met. Once, for the Home's clothing drive, Dad went walking in his Sunday best and got sprayed by a skunk and I believe we received more than thirty good suits the next week."

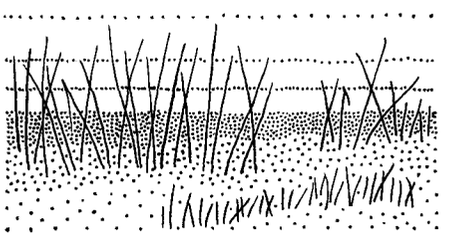
But mostly Dad and Jo and Frank sat in the large kitchen around the table (now in the Midland employees' cafeteria). Every day Jo fixed lunch, soup and sandwiches or leftovers, and Dad would offer a poem or tell a story. Frank would read the grain futures and livestock market reports from the "Main Street Observer" and Jo would play the organ for the noontime hymn. The organist was Virginia Miles, now Mrs. N. P. Gruenewald.

From time to time on the show, the Bensons would listen to another radio show called "The Muellers." This show, of course, was imaginary. It was done in the adjoining studio by several actors and piped into the big studio where "Friendly Neighbor" originated. The background of this is quite interesting. Every week, Dad received hundreds of letters from people with problems asking for his advice. He would select one letter and have the actors dramatize it on their "show." Then, while listening to it on his show, Dad would comment on what he thought the "Muellers" should do. In this way, he avoided any possible embarrassment to the letter writer.

For example, the Muellers might have a bad argument over money, and Dad would talk about money and how we never know what to do with what we have before we start wanting more. Or the Muellers might gossip about their friends, and Dad would "switch off" the "radio" and say that if you can't speak well of people not to say anything.

SHORTLY before Christmas Day, 1958, Dad received a letter from a little girl about her father. It moved Dad very deeply. And so, on Christmas, the Bensons tuned in "The Muellers" to hear the Mueller children crying because their father was not home. Mr. Mueller, it soon turned out, was involved with another woman and was spending Christmas at her house. Dad indicated his disapproval of this arrangement, but nevertheless it was very shocking to many listeners, who felt the show was too explicit (nowadays, of course, it would be considered tame by comparison). Hundreds of letters were received saying that the show had upset young children. Some ministers wrote in to say Dad should have taken a much stronger stand against the Muellers by not listening to their show at all. The philosophy of the Muellers was well known by this time, they said, and Dad's tolerating it in his own home could only set a poor example for other Christians. Of course, the dramatization had been entirely in the hands of the actors, but Dad accepted complete responsibility. On New Year's Day, "Friendly Neighbor" left the air.

After retirement, Dad seldom spoke about his radio days. He would rather talk about his North Dakota boyhood, the good times and the hard times, and tell stories about farm life at the turn of the century. Every winter, he told the story about the Three Day Bliz-



THE WATERGATE ELEGY

Justice corrupts

All those years of spying
years of fear
The cold tit of the Capitol

No man can afford to lose his best enemies

The White House white as cake
there must have been months
when whole Mafias of black limousine kissed the curb
drab captains debouching with report
lieutenants packing heavy info

And out of New Jersey through Mexico
Out of the Florida Keys
Out of San Clemente to Angel City
what couriers ferrying tropical memoranda
what sugars carried for silence

The politic is power
suspicion the currency of its hunger
lies property to be kept safe under combinations

Sicken waters
Die land
And if the citizen eat his rights for bread and meat
in such least light
the kept counsels prosper

Spring is long gone from this city
The mallards
shackled to their Potomac slough in a surprise of ice
waiting for the sun to warm
They too are gone

This city is not a wheel for nothing
not white for nothing amid its blacks and cherry trees

But the axle is broken
the hub empty

And at the end of his reflection
Lincoln shrinks into the dark memorial of his penny

—ROBERT DANA

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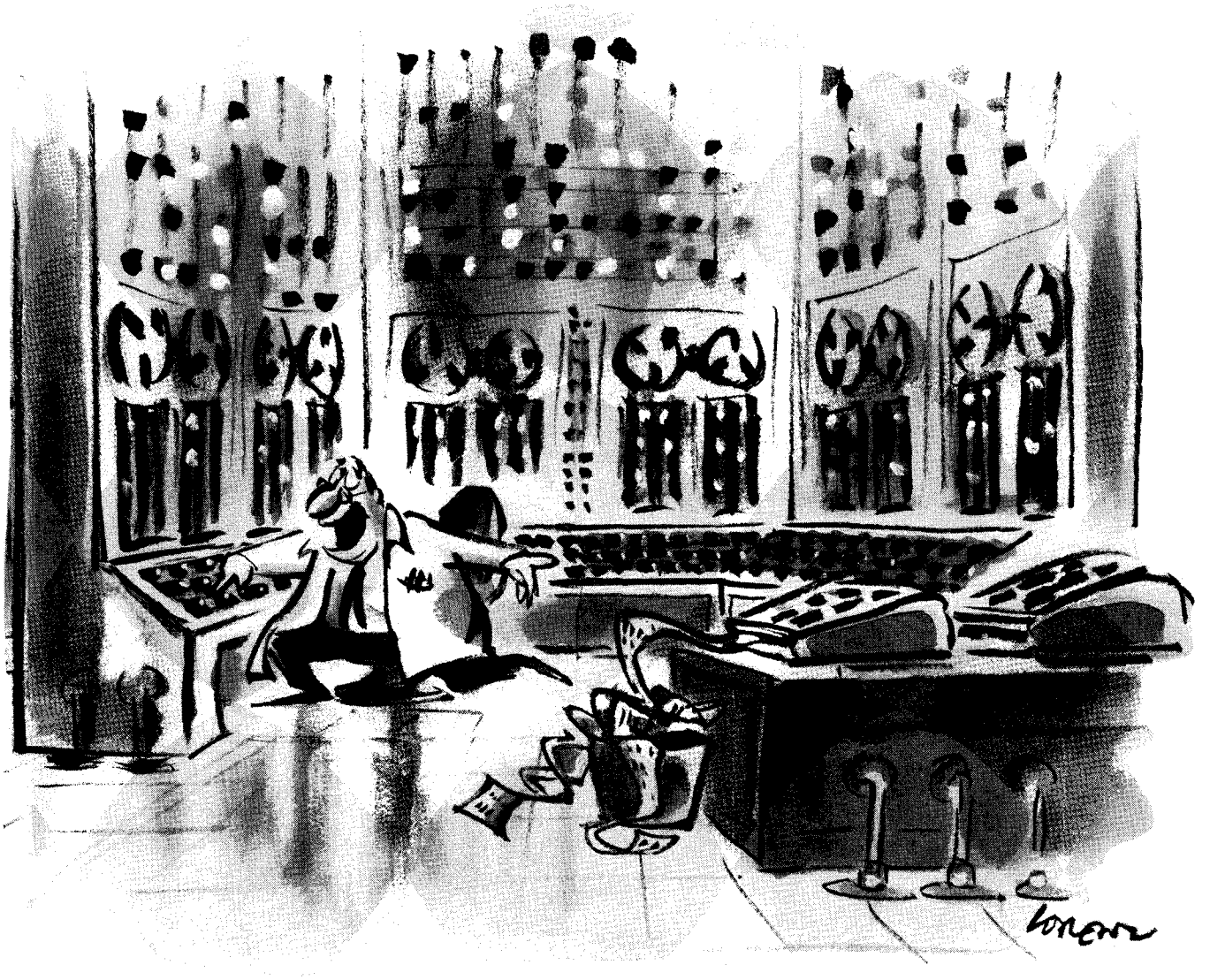

"Oh, you press the button down.
The data goes 'round and around,
Whoa-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho,
And it comes out here."

• •

zard of 1905 and how he got lost after breakfast trying to get to the barn not more than fifty yards away and spent a day and a night out on the open prairie until the storm broke. "Everywhere it was so white it hurt your eyes and you couldn't tell the difference between up and down if it weren't for your feet being so cold," Dad said. Dad often told this story on his many tours in behalf of the Freeport creamer, reminding his audience that the creamer can be switched on from the home. "If I'd a had one," he said, "I could've turned it on and followed the sound of it right to the milkhouse and from there to the barn."

In those days, when Dad was living with us in Freeport, people in Minnesota tended to make fun of North Dakotans and look down on them. If a person hailed from the Flickertail State, he was regarded as a hick. Of course, nobody felt this way about Dad and so he took it on himself to improve relations. It was his fondest wish that his Freeport neighbors should get to know his old friends from Chaffee, and it was the happiest day in his life when the first Friendship Dinner was held in Freeport in 1963 (there was no Dinner in 1964, but then Chaffee hosted the 1965 affair, establishing the present even-odd rotation). Fourteen Chaffee residents were in attendance that day, and Dad was the guest of honor.

The Friendship Dinner is believed to be the only dinner of its type in the United States. Of course, it is not only a meal but a full day of activities. This year, we toured the Chaffee grain elevator and school and observed baling operations at a nearby farm, and there were horseshoe, checkers, and free-throw shooting tournaments, tractor rides, door prizes, a softball game, plus the dinner and evening sing. There was also a booth where collectors could swap tapes of Dad's shows. Of the more than 6,000 "Friendly Neighbor" shows that Dad did, we know of only 387 on tape. Among those that we've not located is the Christmas show of 1958. If anyone knows the whereabouts of that show, they should contact us in care of Freeport Machine.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

•

The Magneplane, as the cylindrical car is called, can rust on its wheels in the station. Between stations it is to be levitated by interaction between coils on its under side and a pair of conducting strips set along the guideway.—*The Times.*

It'll never get to Penn Station.

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NOTHING: A PRELIMINARY ACCOUNT

IT'S not the yellow curtains. Nor curtain rings. Nor is it bran in a bucket, not bran, nor is it the large, reddish farm animal eating the bran from the bucket, the man who placed the bran in the bucket, his wife, or the raisin-faced banker who's about to foreclose on the farm. None of these is nothing. A damselfish is not nothing, it's a fish, a *Pomacentrus*, it likes warm water, coral reefs—perhaps even itself, for all we know. Nothing is not a nightshirt or a ninnyhammer, ninety-two, or Nineveh. It is not a small jungle in which, near a river, a stone table has been covered with fruit. It is not the handsome Indian woman standing next to the stone table holding the blond, kidnapped child. Neither is it the proposition *esse est percipi*, nor is it any of the refutations of that proposition. Nor is it snuff. Hurry. There is not much time, and we must complete, or at least attempt to complete, the list. Nothing is not a tongue depressor; splendid, hurry on. Not a tongue depressor on which a distinguished artist has painted part of a nose, part of a mouth, a serious, unsmiling eye. Good, we got that in. Hurry on. We are persuaded that nothing is not the yellow panties. The yellow panties edged with white on the floor under the black chair. And it's not the floor or the black chair or the two naked lovers standing up in the white-sheeted bed having a pillow fight during the course of which the male partner will, unseen by his beloved, load his pillowcase with a copy of Webster's Third International. We are nervous. There is not much time. Nothing is not a Gregorian chant nor indeed a chant of any kind unless it be the howl of the null muted to inaudibility by the laws of language strictly construed. It's not an "O" or an ampersand or what Richard is thinking or that thing we can't name at the moment but which we use to clip papers together. It's not the ice cubes disappearing in the warmth of our whiskey nor is it the town in Scotland where the whiskey is manufactured nor is it the workers who, while reading the Bible and the local newspaper and Rilke, are sentiently sipping the product through eighteen-foot-long, almost invisible nylon straws.

And it's not a motor hotel in Dib (where the mudmen live) and it's not pain or *pain* or the mustard we spread on the *pain* or the mustard plaster we spread on the pain, fee simple, the roar of fireflies mating, or meat. Nor is it lobster protected from its natural enemies by its high price or true grit or false grit or thirst. It's not the yellow curtains, we have determined that, and it's not what is behind the yellow curtains which we cannot mention, out of respect for the King's rage and the Queen's reputation. Hurry. Not much time. Nothing is not a telephone number or any telephone number or any number whatsoever including zero. It's not science and in particular it's not black-hole physics, which is not nothing but physics. And it's not (quickly now, quickly) Benjamin Franklin trying to seduce, by mail, the widow of the French thinker Claude Adrien Helvétius, and it is not the nihilism of Gorgias, who asserts that nothing exists and even if something did exist it could not be known and even if it could be known that knowledge could not be communicated, no, it's not that although the tune is quite a pretty one. I am sorry to say that it is not Athos, Porthos, or Aramis, or anything that ever happened to them or anything that may yet happen to them if, for example, an Exxon tank truck exceeding the speed limit outside of Yuma, Arizona, runs over a gila monster which is then reincarnated as Dumas *père*. It's not weather of any kind, fair, foul, or undecided, and it's not mental weather of any kind, fair, foul, or partly cloudy, and it's neither my psychiatrist nor your psychiatrist or either of their psychiatrists, let us hurry on. And it is not what is under the bed because even if you tell us "There is nothing under the bed" and we think, *At last! Finally! Pinned to the specimen board!* still you are only informing us of a local, only temporarily stable situation, you have not delivered nothing itself. Only the list can present us with nothing itself, pinned, finally, at last, let us press on. We are aware of the difficulties of proving a negative, such as the statement "There is not a hipphilosamus in my living room,"

"Run for your life, man. It's the goddam New Year. It's coming in!"

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and that even if you show us a photograph of your living room with no hipphilosamus in it, and adduce as well a tape recording on which no hipphilosamus tread is discernible, how can we be sure that the photograph has not been retouched, the tape cunningly altered, or that both do not either pre- or postdate the arrival of the hipphilosamus? That large, verbivorous animal which is able to think underwater, for long periods of time? And while we are mentioning verbs, can we ask the question, of nothing, What does nothing *do*?

Quickly, quickly. Heidegger suggests that "Nothing nothings"—a calm, sensible idea with which Sartre, among others, disagrees. (What Heidegger thinks about nothing is not nothing.) Heidegger points us toward dread. Having borrowed a cup of dread from Kierkegaard, he spills it, and in the spreading stain he finds (like a tea-leaf reader) Nothing. Original dread, for Heidegger, is what intolerabilizes all of what-is, offering us a momentary glimpse of what is not, finally a way of bumping into Being. But Heidegger is far too grand for us; we applaud his daring but are ourselves performing a homelier task, making a list. Our list can in principle never be completed, even if we summon friends or armies to help out (nothing is not an army nor is it an army's history, weapons, morale, doctrines, victories, or defeats—there, that's done). And even if we were able, with much labor, to exhaust the possibilities, get it all *inscribed*, name everything nothing is not, down to the last rogue atom, the one that rolled behind the door, and had thoughtfully included ourselves, the makers of the list, on the list—the list itself would remain. Who's got a match?

Ute Fischer

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BUT if we cannot finish, we can at least begin. If what exists is in each case the totality of the series of appearances which manifests it, then nothing must be characterized in terms of its non-appearances, no-shows, incorrigible tardiness. Nothing is what keeps us waiting (forever). And it's not "Charlie Is My Darling," nor would it be Mary if I had a darling so named nor would it be my absence-of-darling had I neglected to search out and secure one. And it is not the yellow curtains behind which fauns and astronauts embrace, behind which flesh crawls in all directions and flickertail squirrels fall upward into the trees. And death is not nothing and the cheering sections of consciousness ("Do not go gentle into that good night") are not nothing nor are holders of the contrary view ("Burning to be gone," says Beckett's Krapp, into his Sony). What can I tell you about the rape of Lucrece by proud Tarquin? Only this: the rapist wore a coat with raglan sleeves. Not much, but not nothing. Put it on the list. For an ampler account, see Shakespeare. And you've noted the anachronism, Lord Raglan lived long after the event, but errors, too, are not nothing. Put it on the list. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. What a wonderful list! How joyous the notion that, try as we may, we cannot do other than fail and fail absolutely and that the task will remain always before us, like a meaning for our lives. Hurry. Quickly. Nothing is not a nail.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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Invited by the Automobile Club of Palermo, Alfa Romeo organized an international meeting of old cars, which defiled in the streets of Palermo and covered all the "Targa Florio" course the same day of the competition. The most famous Alfas came back to the Madonie course, where exactly 50 years ago an Alfa Romeo obtained the first victory thus inaugurating a long series of successes—the last of them in 1971. Shining in the Sicilian sun, beautiful as ever, the fabulous grandmothers Alfa defiled once more, after having entered the legend. —*Synopsis in English of an article in Il Quadrifoglio, published by Alfa Romeo.*

Dirty old family, those Romeos!

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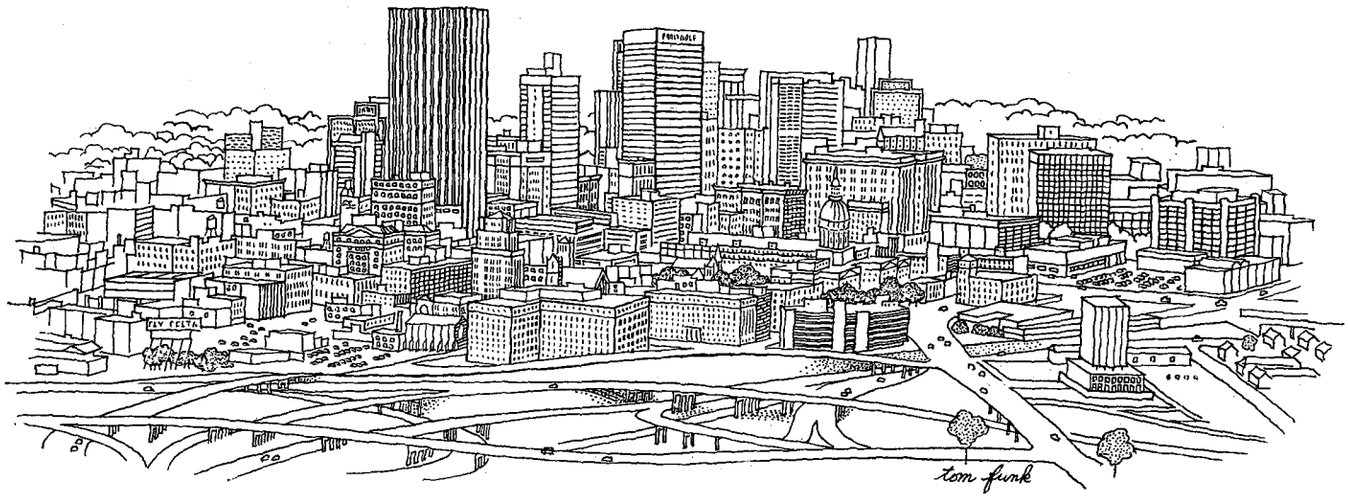
PROFILES

A NEW POLITICS IN ATLANTA



TWENTY years ago, a social scientist named Floyd Hunter published a book entitled "Community Power Structure: A Study of Decision Makers." Hunter, a sociologist who was then a professor at the University of North Carolina, explained in his introduction that a lot of important decisions were made in American communities with "no precise knowledge on the part of the majority of citizens as to how these policies originated or by whom they [were] really sponsored." Some of the events in a community's life, he said, seemed "manipulated to the advantage of relatively few."

Hunter's study of decisions and decision-makers dealt with a single American city, which he called Regional City. As usually happens when sociological studies focus on specific but unnamed communities, those of the academic and political worlds lost little time in determining Regional City's true identity. It was in fact Atlanta, Georgia. (Social scientists are social creatures, like the rest of us, and so are bad about keeping secrets. In addition, Hunter had worked for five years as the executive director of the Atlanta Community Planning Council, where he was in constant touch with decision-makers.) Hunter's findings about the nature and uses of power were hardly shocking to anyone who lived in or knew much about the capital city of Georgia. What he determined, basically, was that a relatively small group of businessmen had a great deal of power at their disposal, and that they used it to run the city. Hunter assigned pseudonyms to the businessmen he dealt with in his study, and Atlantans familiar with the downtown leaders had great sport matching the made-up names to the real ones. Most of those who were called the leaders of Regional City, Hunter wrote, were "persons of power status." He went on, "In some cases they have the machinery of government at their bidding. In many cases they control large industries in which they reign supreme in matters of decision affecting large numbers of the citizenry. They are persons of dominance, prestige, and influence. They are, in part, the decision-makers for the total community. They are able to enforce their decisions by persuasion, intimidation, coercion, and, if necessary, force."

Besides adding the term "power structure" to the vocabulary of practically every social scientist, politician, and newspaper reporter in the nation, Hunter's book set off a chain of similar studies—at least five hundred and fifty of them in the decade following publication of "Community Power Structure," according to one count. Many of the social scientists who studied other cities came up with findings that did not jibe completely with Hunter's. They argued about his method (Hunter used what is called the "reputational" approach, in which he asked people what they thought other people were like); they found it difficult to believe that a group of men could occupy a definite and semi-permanent place at the top of a social system, and that such men could wield as much governmental power as Hunter said they did. As the dissident studies were completed and lodged in the scientific journals and textbooks and required-reading lists, many of the social scientists started actively disdaining Hunter's thesis. The notion of a power structure was satisfying to the ordinary citizen, perhaps, or to the angry leader of a group on the outside, they said, but it was not necessarily valid. Before long, the term "power structure" had been all but dislodged from the vocabulary of the social scientists; when they did use the phrase, they put it in quotation marks, as if they were referring to something that not only had not been proved to exist but was in the category of a lay myth. Some social scientists rather unscientifically jumped to the conclusion that if they couldn't find a power structure in, say, Central City or Midwestern Town, there was no such thing as a power structure, even in Regional City.

The trouble with all this was that Hunter was quite correct in his assessment of power in Regional City, as any Atlantan could have told you. For a very long time, power in Atlanta has been concentrated in the hands of a relatively small group of men who are, by and large, leaders in such businesses as banking, real estate, stocks and bonds, architecture, and retail department stores. These men are white, fairly well educated, and well-to-do. They are not (and Hunter noted this) cold and cruel men but, rather, businessmen who seem to feel that they have a genuine responsibility to their city. (Many of them would say, however, that their commitment stems from little more than the good old profit motive—a desire to see their businesses and personal fortunes grow—and the knowledge that it is to their advantage for the city to be known as a dynamic, lively, progressive place.) They have established the city's Chamber of Commerce as their chief conduit for doing business with and for the

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rest of the city—or, as some of their critics would put it, for running the city. For a third of a century, the Chamber enjoyed the luxury of having a close friend—perhaps he could even be called an agent—in City Hall. William B. Hartsfield, who was mayor from 1937 until 1961 (with two years off in the nineteen-forties, when he lost an election), was a somewhat rambunctious, independent mayor but one who appreciated the importance of the power structure and gladly accepted its assistance. Ivan Allen, Jr., who became mayor in 1962 and retired from the job in 1970, was not only a business leader himself but also a former president of the Chamber of Commerce, and Chamber people openly referred to him as "our man in City Hall." From the point of view of the Chamber, Atlanta got a great deal done during the Allen administration. Allen was one of *them*; low-key, cool, and possessed of what his friends described as a Presbyterian conscience, he did things the way Atlanta's businessmen wanted things done.

Four years ago, however, the power structure suffered a severe setback. It lost its man in City Hall. In January of 1969, Mayor Allen announced that he would not seek a third term, and a good number of the business leaders expressed sorrow, but they did not spend much time worrying about a replacement. One would turn up in time for the election the following fall, they were sure, and he would probably be a graduate of the Chamber of Commerce school of urban progress. As it turned out, of eight candidates who entered the nonpartisan general election for mayor not one was a Chamber man. In the runoff election, the Chamber backed Rodney Cook, an insurance man and alderman, because he seemed most closely attuned to the Chamber's way of thinking. But, to the great surprise of some of the members of the power structure, Cook lost to Sam Massell, a real-estate man, who for the previous eight years had been the city's vice-mayor.

Massell was no close friend of the power structure to begin with, and the fact that the city's white leaders had backed his opponent made relations all the more strained. The new mayor had a reputation for being a loner, and the Chamber people saw teamwork as one of the chief reasons for Atlanta's previous successes. Also, Massell was Jewish, and he felt that this made some of the members of the power structure, who by and large were white Anglo-Saxon Protestants, uneasy about him. (The members of the power structure denied this vehemently.) Massell went so far during his campaign as to accuse some of his opponents and critics of anti-Semitism, and for members of the power structure who had been merely skeptical of him up to then this was a horrible confirmation of his unsuitability. "If there's one thing we aren't, it's anti-Semitic," one of them said at the time. Furthermore, Atlantans elevated a black man, Maynard Jackson, to the office of vice-mayor in the 1969 election, and a lot of people, especially those in Atlanta's black community, started talking about the possibility, or even the probability, that in 1973—if Atlanta's black population continued to grow, and if the blacks registered and voted—Maynard Jackson would be elected the first black mayor of Atlanta.

The election in 1969 of a man not on cordial terms with the Chamber, plus all the speculation about Maynard Jackson in 1973, caused some members of the power structure no end of soul-searching and suffering. For them, these were portents that all the work of the previous decades toward making Atlanta a great city was about to go down the drain. There was talk that the business leaders might decide to "abandon" Atlanta—particularly its downtown section, in which they had invested so much. For the first time in the city's history, there was open talk among some whites of the "inevitability" of Atlanta's becoming a "black city." What was even worse, in the estimation of some members of the power structure, was a danger that Atlanta would become merely an *ordinary* city—a city like most other cities. "That," said one citizen, "is the worst thing that could happen to Atlanta." None of these fears were realized during the four years of the Massell administration. The business leadership stayed around and kept sinking money into downtown. It was as if all its membership agreed with a comment made right after the election by an official of the Chamber of Commerce: "Let's don't all sit around pouting. I say the economic power structure of

"I have a new son-in-law, if they ever get married."

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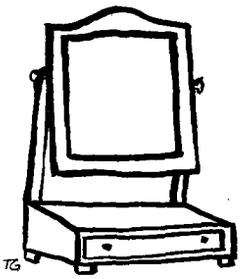
this town has got the hell beat out of it. Let's go from there."

This year, as the Massell administration came to the end of its four years in City Hall, the power structure once again had no real candidate of its own in the race for mayor. In fact, after the general election, in which eleven people sought the job, the choice was narrowed down to two men who had previously given the power structure the jitters: Sam Massell, the incumbent, and Maynard Jackson, the black vice-mayor, who had been busy for four years building up a constituency for his projected entry into the mayoralty race, and had demonstrated little interest in treating the power structure any differently from other groups of concerned citizens. The runoff election was held October 16th, and, as almost everybody knows by now, Maynard Jackson was elected mayor—the first black man to hold such a job not only in Atlanta but in any major city in the South. Jackson, who is a thirty-five-year-old lawyer, collected about fifty-nine per cent of the 125,641 votes cast for mayor. (The current population of Atlanta is estimated at 479,900, fifty-four per cent of them black. Some 206,270 residents were eligible to vote, and about fifty-one per cent of *them* are white.) Blacks also captured a number of other positions; after all the votes were counted, there were nine blacks and nine whites on the city council, and five blacks and four whites on the board of education. John Lewis, a black man who has been involved in the voting-rights movement in the South for a decade, and who now runs the Voter Education Project in Atlanta, called the election "a dream deferred; the hopes of a lot of people come true."



Prior to the general election, on October 2nd, the campaigning was relatively subdued. All the candidates seemed soberly concerned about the city's problems, which are similar to those of almost any other city: transportation, housing, education, unemployment, and, especially, crime. After the general election, however, the tone of the campaign changed dramatically. Jackson stayed with his previous theme—a fairly unflamboyant promise to provide the city with "a leader, not a politician," who would bring Atlantans of all stations into the mainstream of the city's life. But Massell, who had enjoyed quite a liberal image during his mayoralty, and long before he became mayor as well, suddenly started campaigning on the slogan "Atlanta's Too Young to Die." What would cause the city's death, the incumbent said, would be the election of "a Maynard Jackson-Hosea Williams administration." Hosea Williams is a fiery black civil-rights activist, an old warhorse from the school of demonstration and confrontation, who directs the Atlanta branch of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and who had announced late in the game that he was running for the position of city-council president. (In the new city charter, enacted this year, the name of the city's governing body was changed from "board of aldermen" to "city council," and that of the city's second-highest elective office from "vice-mayor" to "city-council president.") Many observers doubted whether Williams really wanted the job, and almost everyone, including Williams, was astonished when the results of the general election came in. Williams made the runoff, against a white councilman named Wyche Fowler, a young man regarded as being on the way up in political circles. It is clear that Mayor Massell, in the last few weeks of the campaign, was seeking to trade on white voters' fears about Williams. Massell's advertisements contained lines such as these: "The thought of a Maynard Jackson-Hosea Williams administration is scaring some Atlantans to death. . . . If such a team attempts to lead this city, many blacks and whites alike fear a new trend of flight from Atlanta. They fear an end to progress, an end to opportunity, an end to faith." This, according to one white liberal who was incensed by the ad, could easily be translated to read, "If you don't vote for me, Hosea Williams is going to move next door to you and marry your sister." When some Atlantans complained that Massell's messages bordered on racism, and certainly were exploiting the fears of whites, Massell came back with an ad headlined "HE LOVES ATLANTA SO MUCH, HE'S GOT THE GUTS TO TELL THE TRUTH." The truth, in the ad, had to do with Maynard Jackson and Hosea Williams. The two black candidates were, of course, not running as a team. They were connected only by their blackness, and the voters were free to vote for one and against the other, and that is how they actually did vote. In fact, it looked very much as if Massell's strategy—to get out the frightened white vote and to get it for himself—had backfired. One analysis of the October 16th voting patterns showed that eighteen per cent of the whites who voted cast their ballots for Maynard Jackson. Jackson also received about ninety-five per cent of the black vote.

If this was insufficient proof that a lot of white Atlantans were not swayed by quasi-racial appeals, more was evident in the race for president of the city council. Wyche Fowler won that one, over Hosea Williams, with about sixty-four per cent of the vote, and an analysis showed that Fowler, the white man, received something like thirty per cent of the black vote. On the day after the election, Atlantans black and white were congratulating themselves on having voted for the candidate, not his color, and political writers were guessing that, as David Nordan wrote in the Atlanta *Journal*, "it will be many a moon before another major political candidate bases a campaign for city-wide office in Atlanta on the subject of race." Mayor Massell, with two and a half months of his term remaining, said, "My only motive . . . was to tell the truth," and then left for a brief vacation while Maynard Jackson prepared to move into City Hall.

Faced with an additional four years of less than favored status, Atlanta's power structure has not started shopping around for another city to run. Instead, it has gone through a period of self-imposed change. Most of the leaders have accepted the fact that there is a new politics in Atlanta, and that they will have to learn to play by the new rules. The most significant bit of evidence that this change has taken place, according to some observers, is the fact that the power structure has allowed itself to become racially integrated, to a degree unprecedented in American cities. As a result, Atlanta probably stands a better chance today than any other city in the nation of being able to cope with its problems effectively.

THAT a small group of businessmen had the power to shape Atlanta and its future for so many years has traditionally been a sore point with some Atlantans—primarily the white and black liberals, the people who staff and direct the variety of civil-rights, civil-liberties, and human-relations organizations that have their headquarters in Atlanta. But the fact of the matter is that largely *because* of Atlanta's power structure the city has a virtually new downtown business district (at a time when a lot of other cities, including some that social scientists have proclaimed to be lacking in power structures, are still wrestling with downtown urban renewal and redevel-

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opment) and race relations in Atlanta have been relatively peaceful. What integration has occurred, to be sure, has been largely token; on the other hand, racial violence that has occurred has been less intense, less frequent, and of shorter duration than that in most comparable cities.

When the sit-ins started, in Greensboro, North Carolina, in February of 1960, young black Atlantans—particularly those connected with the six predominantly black educational institutions that make up the Atlanta University Center—wasted little time in mounting their own attacks on segregation in public accommodations. During 1960 and well into 1961, the students, led in the main by a young black man named Lonnie King, tore at white Atlanta's conscience, its patience, and—in the case of the power structure—its purse strings. The businessmen had to cope not only with the black sit-ins, which they viewed as threatening to downtown business, but with occasional counter-demonstrations by conservative groups, most notably the Ku Klux Klan. The business leaders feared that what they considered bad publicity in connection with the demonstrations would frighten off the sort of business they had been trying to attract to Atlanta—white-collar enterprise, and especially branch offices of New York-based concerns. At that time, the North had not learned that the civil-rights movement was not just a Southern phenomenon; sit-ins, picket lines at construction sites, and the like, had not yet been tried on a significant scale in the Northern urban centers, and riots in the black ghettos would not begin to sweep the Northeast until the summer of 1964. Businessmen in the North were believed to be concerned about racial "climates" and desirous of situating their next branch office in some place that was not "another Little Rock" or "another Birmingham."

Atlanta's power structure was eager to demonstrate that a bad climate was not likely to develop there—that, as Mayor Hartsfield was beginning to put it, Atlanta was "a city too busy to hate." But Hartsfield was coming to the end of his long career as a public servant, and the Chamber needed someone to work out an accommodation with the demonstrating black youths, who by now had obtained the support—and the presence on picket lines and in police lineups—of the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and so had achieved national publicity. Ivan Allen, a hardworking and public-spirited man, the head of a long-established stationery-and-office-supply firm, whose father had been prominent in boosting the city, was elected president of the Chamber of Commerce. His obvious first assignment, as he took office in January of 1961, was to figure out a way to keep the peace, not only in the department stores and lunchrooms but also in the schools. Atlanta was under a federal court order to desegregate its high schools that fall.

Allen conducted an extended series of private meetings between members of the white power structure and their black counterparts. (Atlanta has long enjoyed the benefits of what has become known in recent years as "black capitalism." The city has an abundant supply of well-to-do, articulate, and powerful black leaders in the fields of religion, real estate, education, and insurance. There once was a saying, which nobody bothered to prove or disprove, that Atlanta's Auburn Avenue had more black-owned street-level businesses on one block than Harlem's 125th Street had from river to river.) Much to the dismay of reporters on the two major Atlanta newspapers, the morning *Constitution* and the evening *Journal*, the content of these meetings was kept secret. Ordinarily in such a situation, reporters might have used enterprise to find out what was going on, but the management of the Atlanta

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newspapers, which are owned by one company, enjoyed a sort of associate-member status in the power structure, along with the bankers and the brokers, and little news was forthcoming. (That relationship continues to this day, and the resulting lack of journalistic enterprise is one of the city's problems.) At any rate, Allen negotiated the arrangements for the desegregation of the city, and both sides stuck by it. Places of public accommodation desegregated in the fall, shortly after the white high schools admitted a handful of black students. Much later, Allen recalled that his job was a tough one, partly because there were few precedents for it, but that he had been helped immeasurably by the attitude of the rest of the power structure. Its members backed him up, he said, even when they were not in full accord with the way things were turning out.

In fact, when Allen finished his assignment that spring the power structure decided that he would make a fine mayor. Lester Maddox, who later became governor of Georgia and is now its lieutenant governor, was then the proprietor of an Atlanta restaurant called the Pickrick, which specialized in fried chicken, and he was one of the city's more vocal racists. Maddox ran for mayor in 1961, but Allen won, with sixty-four per cent of the vote, much of it from the city's blacks. It was traditional in Georgia then for the candidates in statewide and local elections to gather in the city room of the *Constitution* on election night as the votes were tabulated. On the night that Allen won and Maddox lost, Dr. King stopped by the newsroom and congratulated Allen. Maddox, watching this, seemed almost to be having a seizure. He danced up and down on his toes, in a highly excited state, as the two men shook hands, and squealed, "Lookee! Lookee! He goin' ta *kiss* him!"

The details of the power structure's effort to achieve peaceful race relations were not widely broadcast during the early sixties, partly because the members of the power structure, being mostly modest businessmen, did not want personal publicity. They also knew that race relations were an extremely unpredictable area and that bragging about their progress might boomerang, but they never attempted to silence Hartsfield, who had been given the title of mayor emeritus, and who kept proclaiming that Atlanta was a city too busy to hate. Where the members of the power structure did apply themselves was in the being-too-busy department. As the fruits of their work appeared on the downtown streets—branch offices giving way to regional offices, and then the headquarters starting to move in—they stopped referring to Atlanta as a "regional" city and began talking about it as a "national" city, as one of the dozen or so cities that truly serve the nation. And more recently they have begun talking about Atlanta as a "world" city.

THE power structure's confidence that Atlanta is not just an "ordinary" city cannot, of course, obscure the fact that Atlanta faces all the ordinary city problems. Its streets are not dirty, like New York's, but the quality of its air has declined, its crime rates have risen, its traffic is congested, its black unemployment rate is relatively high, and so on. By most of the traditional Chamber of Commerce statistical measures, however, Atlanta is booming. In 1960, there were a little more than a million residents in Atlanta's five-county metropolitan area, which included forty-five municipalities. By 1970, the metropolitan population had reached 1,390,000, making Atlanta the twentieth largest of the nation's two hundred and forty-three metropolitan areas. Currently, the metropolitan population is estimated at more than one and a half million, and there are projections that by 1980 it will reach 1,874,000. (The statistics also show that the phenomenon of "white flight," as it is called in Atlanta and elsewhere, is a significant one. During the sixties, according to one compilation, the city's white population declined by 60,084 and the black population increased by 69,602, and this meant that the city had a majority black population at the beginning of this decade. It is estimated that blacks will make up sixty-one per cent of the population by 1980 if the city engages in no significant annexation.)

The median income for families in the metropolitan Atlanta region was four hundred dollars below the national urban median in 1960, but by 1970 it was five hundred dollars above it. Retail sales in the region went from one billion four hundred million to three billion one hundred million dollars between 1960 and 1971, and the annual expenditure on private construction increased from two hundred and seven million to seven hundred and seventy-seven million dollars. The area now has eleven regional shopping centers. Fifty office parks were built in less than ten years. In 1972, Atlanta became the eleventh most prosperous city in the nation in terms of retail-sales volume. The unemployment rate for the nation as a whole in 1972 was 5.6

"Dave, forgive this telephonic interruption."

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"You're not guilty, but you're very, very close."

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per cent, but for metropolitan Atlanta it was 3.3 per cent. Though it was a sports-minded town, Atlanta had practically nothing in the way of big-time athletics at the beginning of the sixties. Since then, the city has constructed an eighteen-million-dollar stadium and a seventeen-million-dollar multipurpose indoor coliseum called the Omni, and now it has professional teams in all the major sports.

Downtown, the business community has developed what it calls Underground Atlanta, a network of narrow streets and passageways that once was the center of the city but after the Civil War had been covered over by viaducts. Now the place is a thriving tourist attraction, with more than seventy-five shops and restaurants, all done up in turn-of-the-century gaslight style. Peachtree Center, a tall shopping-hotel-and-office complex near the center of downtown, is still growing, and Colony Square, a hundred-and-one-million-dollar project that is described by its builders as a "micropolis," will have two office towers, a hotel, a shopping center, luxury apartments, town houses, condominiums, and a two-thousand-car underground garage, all on eleven acres of land about a mile from the center of the city.

A hundred and forty American cities sent delegations to Atlanta during the sixties to see what the city was doing and how it was doing it. A spokesman for the Chamber, commenting on this some years ago, said that it wasn't hard to explain Atlanta's success. "They saw that the main difference was that the first team had been kept in the game all the time," he said. Lest his listener think that he was talking about football, the spokesman added, "The first team was the people who've been able to make decisions. In *most* towns, you can't find the people who have the muscle—in New York, for example. In Atlanta, the top business leadership has been deeply involved, and committed to getting things *done*."

Perhaps the most significant single development in Atlanta's recent history has occurred in the area of transportation. Like most other cities, Atlanta discovered a few years ago that all the expressways it had been building were adding to traffic congestion rather than reducing it. And all that suburban population growth wasn't helping, either. A compilation of traffic facts issued a couple of years ago by the city's transportation authority stated that Atlanta's morning rush hour, which used to last for thirty minutes, had grown to two and a half hours, and that the afternoon one went on for four hours. The number of vehicles being registered in the metropolitan area was increasing at twice the rate of the population. Only seven new parking places were being created each day, while as many as two hundred automobiles were being registered each day. The existing mass-transit system, consisting only of buses, was inadequate, and every time the fare was increased (it was forty cents in 1971, with a nickel extra for a transfer) its patronage declined.

Mayor Massell and other leaders of the city put together a transit program that changed all this dramatically. In November of 1971, the voters of Fulton and DeKalb Counties, which cover the heart of Atlanta's metropolitan area, approved a contract with the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority (MARTA, it is called) that provided for the immediate purchase of new, air-conditioned buses; the expansion and improvement of existing bus routes; the creation of "rapid busway systems" to give buses priority routes in and out of town; and the establishment by 1980 of a rapid-transit system on rails. The most dramatic immediate result was a promise of a reduction in the bus fare to fifteen cents for the first seven years, with no charge for transfers. After the seventh year, the fare will be increased five cents a year until a ceiling of thirty cents is reached. After ten years, the fare structure will be reëxamined. The fifteen-cent fare is now in effect, and construction of the rail line is to start in 1975. Atlanta officials not infrequently compare the coördinated transportation system they are building with the rapid-transit systems in San Francisco, Toronto, and Mexico City.

Under present plans, the rail system will be composed of fifty miles of track, serving thirty-seven stations. Nine miles will be underground, sixteen miles on elevated trestles, and twenty-five miles at street level. For all these improvements, Atlantans have been paying, since April of 1972, an additional one per cent sales tax. The entire transit program will cost nearly two billion dollars, eighty per cent of which is to be paid by the federal government. The transportation package was planned and is being carried out in consultation with representatives of the poorest Atlantans—the blacks and the inner-city whites—who might be expected to have most need of cheap and reliable transportation. This consultation was not undertaken out of purely altruistic motives: the residents of the central city, and especially the black residents, now possess the political power to shoot down any referendum that they think would treat them unfairly. Originally, it is true, some of the transit system's planners were thinking primarily about helping the suburbanites get into and out of the city with more comfort and speed, but the need to include the lower-income Atlantans in the planning was very quickly grasped. Consequently, the new rail and bus

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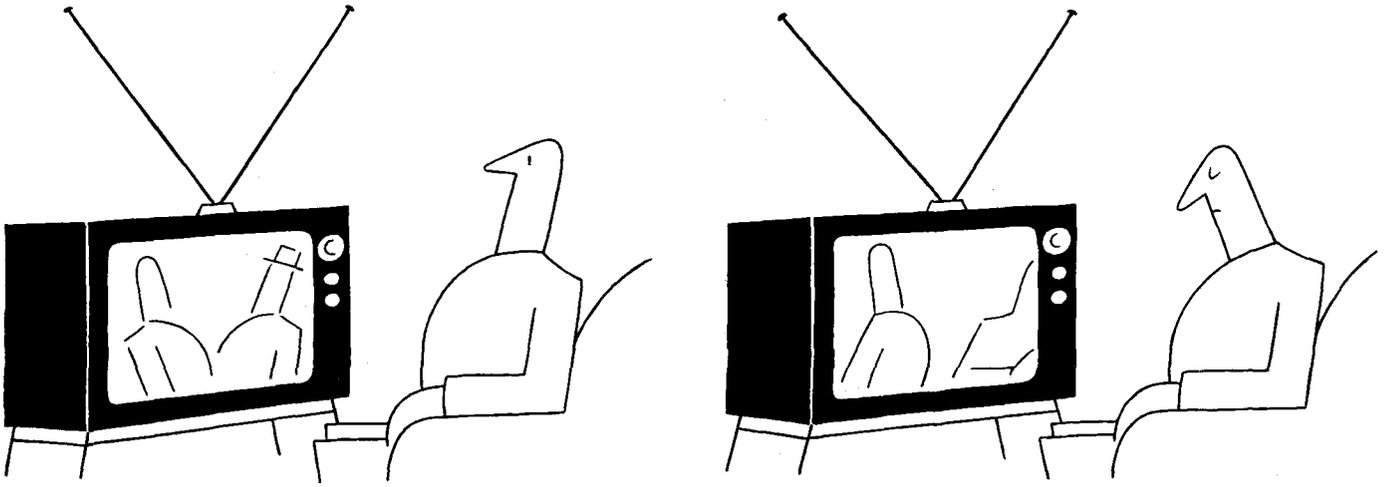

lines are being designed to serve the lower-income communities as well.

Mayor Massell cites the transit program as an example of coöperation not only between him and the power structure, whose members will certainly benefit from the program, but between him and the people at the grass roots. "The greatest help the little people have gotten," Massell said in an interview shortly before the October elections, "and it's unequalled anywhere in the country, is our mass-transit program. We're the only city in the country that has reduced the fare. And the patronage, incidentally, has increased thirty per cent since we lowered the fare. This translates into approximately a million rides a month that wouldn't otherwise have taken place. And it's benefitting something like two hundred thousand people a day, who are paying fifteen cents rather than forty-five or fifty-five. These, to a large degree, are the lower-income people, the little people. It's a benefit that's direct cash in their pockets. This mass-transit program is *most* beautiful. It's providing man's fifth freedom: mobility. And they've made a study that shows it decreases the automobile trips by approximately twenty thousand a day, most of these in the rush hours. Just the reduced fare has done that, along with using additional buses and running them with greater frequency."

Back at the beginning of his administration, Massell had said that he wanted to be "more people-oriented than brick-and-mortar-oriented," and certainly the development of MARTA falls into both categories. He is almost as proud of another accomplishment that was strictly for people, and in which bricks and mortar played absolutely no part—the development of a small park right in the middle of Five Points, the downtown center of Atlanta. Massell obtained a nine-million-dollar grant from an "anonymous donor" (whenever that term is used in Atlanta, it refers to Robert W. Woodruff, the man who runs Coca-Cola, and a key member of the power structure) and tore down the old buildings that stood near the five-street intersection. In their place the city constructed Central City Park, with walkways and tiny rolling hills and a fountain. There are no benches; people are encouraged to sit on the grass. The park is alive with Atlantans all day long, and a visitor comes away with the impression that it is just what any city's downtown needs.

EVER since Massell's election, the power structure has seemed willing to accept the fact that the days when it ran City Hall are over and new ways of coöperation must be tried. Maynard Jackson's election this year reinforced that attitude. Some of the business leaders, to be sure, have been more reluctant than others to embrace what is apparently becoming the new politics of Atlanta. They acknowledge that change is upon them, but they still yearn for the good old days when decisions could be made more quickly and efficiently, and they still see the power structure's task as that of leading the ordinary people through the maze of urban living. Allen S. Hardin, the president of a construction company, who is the president of the Chamber of Commerce for 1973 and also the chairman of MARTA, believes that although there has been a change in the way decisions are arrived at, it is still the power structure's duty to help frame the masses' ways of thinking about Atlanta. In an interview last summer, Hardin said it was a fact that Atlanta's business leaders had recognized the need to "pull together on things of common good, which other cities apparently don't do." Much of Atlanta's recent history, he said, grew out of that ability to pull together. "Now a new trend is taking place, in my opinion, and that is that there is a desire on the part of the community at large to participate," he continued. "They want to participate in the decision-making process on transportation, on social procedures and activities, on things of that sort." The Chamber of Commerce had recognized that trend, he said, and had hastened to add blacks to its board of directors and staff. "It's a recognition of the changing times," he said. "I think that's the key. It's in not closing your mind to change. You say, 'Damn it, my granddaddy did it that way and my daddy did it that way, and that's the way I'm going to do it.' If you take *that* attitude, you're not going to make it. Now, the result that you want can still be achieved. You just have to go through a little different process. Are you willing to take a little longer to get it, and know it will be a little more difficult? But you still can achieve it if you can recognize the change in people's thinking. You just don't—two or three of you, playing golf—decide to do this thing *tomorrow*. Nowadays, you've got to have the masses *think* they were part of making the decision and that you didn't interfere with it, even if it isn't their way but through a process of communication you convinced them it's their way. . . . The masses don't have the overview. Somebody, somewhere, has got to have a better view. Those are the ones who are going to guide you. They are not always going to be right. The question is: Will the leaders adjust to reality but still retain most of what they think is best? If that continues to happen, I think, Atlanta will be better off than other cities." Some of the longtime critics of the way power was handled in Atlanta in the past—those who, although they may have agreed with what the power structure

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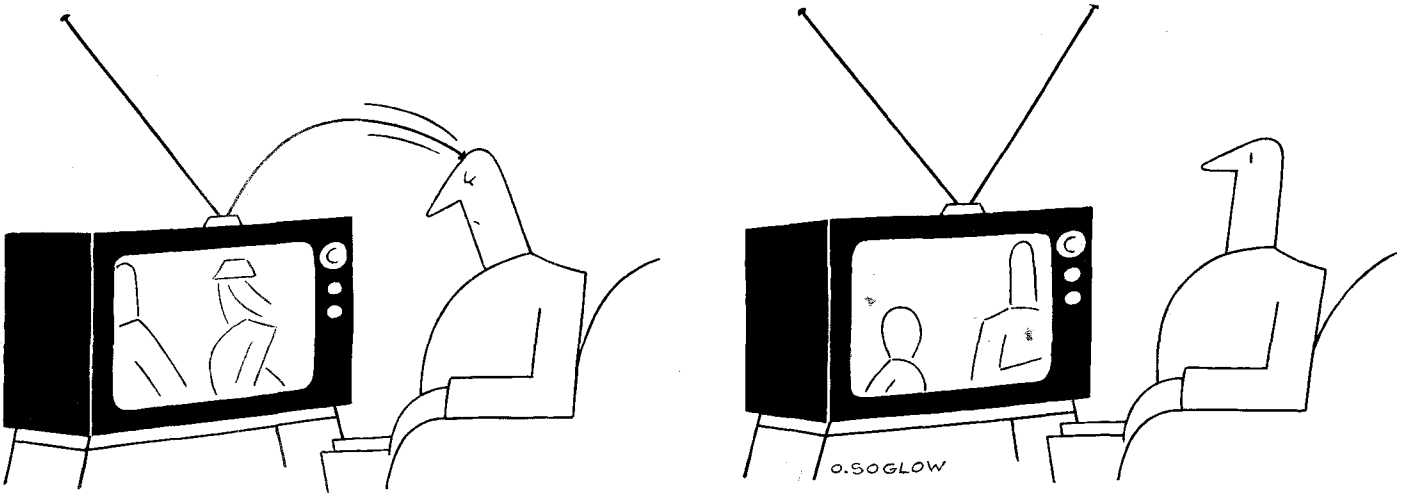

did, resented the fact that it was done on the golf course and in panelled conference rooms, and that "the little people" were denied any say in the matter—would cite Hardin's last remarks as evidence that Atlanta's power structure hasn't changed at all from the collection of manipulators that Floyd Hunter described two decades ago.

But there are members of the city's power structure who take a much more liberal view of the masses' demand for participation than Hardin does, and even profess to be pleased with it. Among them is Bradley Currey, Jr., the vice-chairman of the board of the Trust Company Bank and president of the Chamber of Commerce for 1974. In an interview last summer, Currey said he continued to be heartened by Atlanta's ability to nourish "personal relationships among its leadership, black and white, rich and poor"—a quality that, he said, sets the city apart from other communities its size, and from larger ones. He added, "That factor hasn't changed, although the membership of this leadership and the diversity of it have changed pretty substantially over the last several years. What we used to call the 'enlightened business leadership' is now a leadership structure that is not homogenous in any sense. Therefore, it's much harder to make decisions and to get things done. The leadership group now splits on election issues, it splits on issues of consolidation and annexation, it splits on a tax issue, it splits on a school issue, and so on. But when the life of the city is threatened, it tends to coalesce, to return to some kind of a home base and create an atmosphere where change can take place and where people can realize their own abilities and do the things that must be done for the survival of the city."

Currey offered the Atlanta school situation as an example. Atlanta has been as reluctant as most American cities to carry out a plan of true school integration, and recently the city's black and white leaders agreed on a compromise plan that minimized the busing of both black and white students—but especially of the white ones, since the blacks make up something like seventy-nine per cent of the total school enrollment—in exchange for an increase in the blacks' portion of the supervisory and teaching positions in the city's school system. Lonnie King, the young man who led many of the sit-ins in the sixties, was one of the key negotiators for the black side. Critics of the compromise, who include some of the city's veteran civil-rights warriors, have asserted that Atlanta's blacks legitimately could, and should, have demanded both a better slice of the employment pie *and* true school integration, and that the agreement represents a deal between the better-off whites and blacks which will work to the detriment of the lower-income people of both races, inasmuch as it will deny them racial integration. But Currey, like most of the members of the power structure, sees the issue as one of those threats to the life of the city which have brought the leaders together. "When faced with the question of whether Atlanta is going to have a first-class school system or not," he said, "all else paled into insignificance." (A first-class system, according to the proponents of the compromise, would be impossible if large-scale busing were used to effect integration of the schools.) "I'm prepared to work to get all the good out of the new situation that we can get," Currey went on. "I don't think that *per se* it's good as opposed to the old ways of doing things, but I personally prefer it, because I like the diversity that this tends to bring out."

Another member of the power structure who sees the change in Atlanta as a positive one is Lawrence Gellerstedt, the president of a construction company that has done a lot of Atlanta's recent building. Gellerstedt, who was president of the Chamber of Commerce in 1972, is recognized by his fellow Chamber members as a real go-getter and, more important, as a white man who has done a great deal to foster communications with the black leadership. Several Chamber types, including former Mayor Allen, wanted Gellerstedt to run for mayor this year, but he declined, saying that he thought he could do more good outside the political structure. "If you go back ten years and try to judge how things are going now versus how they were going then, you'll see that the change has been rather dramatic," Gellerstedt said recently. "Up through Ivan's administration, we had what I characterize as sort of a benevolent dictatorship. We had a few people who really could control this city. You could put together four or five folks, and if they were in agreement, things rolled, in both the business and the governmental structures."

Gellerstedt said that an example of the new way of doing things could be seen in a current controversy over Interstate Highway 485, which had been proposed several years ago as a major thoroughfare that would pass through part of the city. As the highway was originally planned, it would have cut through and disrupted several stable neighborhoods. But recently community groups have resisted the proposal, and few of the candidates for office in last October's elections were willing to go on record as favoring it. "The Chamber of Commerce still feels very strongly that I-485 should be built," said Gellerstedt. "The difference is that in the sixties the business leadership would have been able to put that road right straight on through. We would have had a few howls, but it would have gone on through." As

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Gellerstedt explained the controversy, he demonstrated a thorough knowledge of, and even some degree of sympathy for, the arguments *against* the highway. Asked if this wasn't unusual, coming from a man in the construction business, he replied, "Oh, yes. If I were a dictator, and if I had all the power, there's no question that I'd build the highway.

"The *encouraging* thing," Gellerstedt went on, "is that now, four years after the change"—he, like most of the Chamber people, dates Atlanta's change from Sam Massell's election—"is the fact that the business leadership, or the power structure, or the enlightened folks, or whatever you want to call them, didn't pack up and go off and spend their time on their yachts or at the country club or something. They stayed, and they stayed and worked, and they worked under a different set of rules. If we hadn't moved in that direction, I think, what we would have tended to do is build a hell of a lot of fortresses. In other words, the business leaders would surround themselves with a big wall, and the white suburbanites would surround themselves with a big wall, and we'd build a hell of a lot of defenses, and I think our position then would be a lot like the military one: if you build your defenses, sometime you have to go to war. I see the defenses falling; I see people talking. I think that in ten years the black-white situation here is going to be a totally different thing. I think what we may be seeing is a unique opportunity to set some patterns for how cities solve problems."

IN one area of black-white relations, Atlanta has already set a pattern that other cities might be wise to copy. Throughout the sixties, the white leadership consulted frequently with the black leadership, but the consultations were usually carried out in an atmosphere heavy with crisis. There was always something impending—a school-desegregation order, an ultimatum from young black lunch-counter demonstrators—and the whites *had* to talk with the black leaders, in order to get suggestions for a way out of the dilemma. The suggestion was, of course, to desegregate, and the whites did so only in token fashion, for the most part, though to a degree that insured Atlanta a favorable image in comparison with other cities. Since the sixties, however, the situation has changed. For one thing, blacks have become numerically more important in Atlanta as whites have moved to the suburbs in large numbers. (Some observers think that the "white flight" had been a simple reaction to the increasing black population, but another explanation that has been offered is that relatively little middle- and upper-middle-income housing was being built in the city proper during the past couple of decades and a great deal was being built in the suburbs, while the housing available to better-off whites inside the city was deteriorating.) Blacks have become a bare majority of the city's population and a large majority of the public-school population. There were some efforts to expand Atlanta by annexation and consolidation, thereby restoring the white majority, but the efforts failed. For the first time in history, black people in Atlanta realized that they had political power. They had had *some* power all along, but they had used it to elect and reëlect the Chamber's candidates, Hartsfield and Allen. More recently, they had discovered that they had political power independent of the power structure—as when they helped to elect Sam Massell in 1969. In that election, Massell received more than ninety-two per cent of the black vote in his runoff contest with the power structure's candidate. It soon became evident to some members of the white leadership that their consultations with the black leadership would have to be carried out on a continuing basis, and on a more equitable one than in the past.

The vehicle for these consultations turned out to be a group called the Atlanta Action Forum, which was founded about three years ago at the suggestion of William Calloway, a black real-estate man. The Forum today is a group of twelve white and twelve black leaders who meet informally on the second Saturday of each month to discuss the issues facing the city and to try to do something about them. The Action Forum's deliberations are not a matter of public record; indeed, until quite recently few persons outside the membership even knew of the group's existence. The members shun publicity, because, as one of them has said, "the more publicity that's related to us, the more ineffective we become." Black leaders feel this very strongly, for in the past blacks who have participated in such meetings have left themselves open to resentment and sniping from other elements of the black community. The Forum has no permanent chairman; the members take turns presiding over its sessions. Members are not allowed to send alternates or substitutes to the meetings; only the people who actually have the power to make decisions are there. Some of them take this requirement very seriously. One of the white members, an imaginative architect and builder named John C. Portman, being on vacation on the coast of Georgia one weekend when the Action Forum met, caught a plane back to Atlanta for the meeting and another one back to the coast when the meeting was over.

Since its inception, the Action Forum has faced and dealt with just about all the major problems that confront Atlanta and its metropolitan region: mass transit, education, job opportunities for low-income Atlantans, housing, crime, and annexation and consolidation. Although the members are reluctant to cite specific examples, it is clear that most of them—whites and blacks alike—feel that the city has consistently benefitted from the Forum's deliberations. Some observers see the mere fact that twelve whites and twelve blacks are talking together on a regular basis as a major accomplishment. Andrew Young, a former assistant to Martin Luther King, who now represents the Atlanta area in Congress, declared last summer that the Forum is "so significant that if that kind of regular communication went on in twenty cities we could solve the problems of the cities." The Forum's members are quick to make the point that they do not sit around on Saturday mornings and decide the fate of the city, as the members of the power structure of the sixties traditionally decided it on Saturday afternoons on the golf courses. What they do, they say, is try to get objective information on Atlanta's problems, discuss the possible solutions, and then return to their own spheres of influence and make their conclusions known to the people. When a visitor asked John Portman recently why those functions could not

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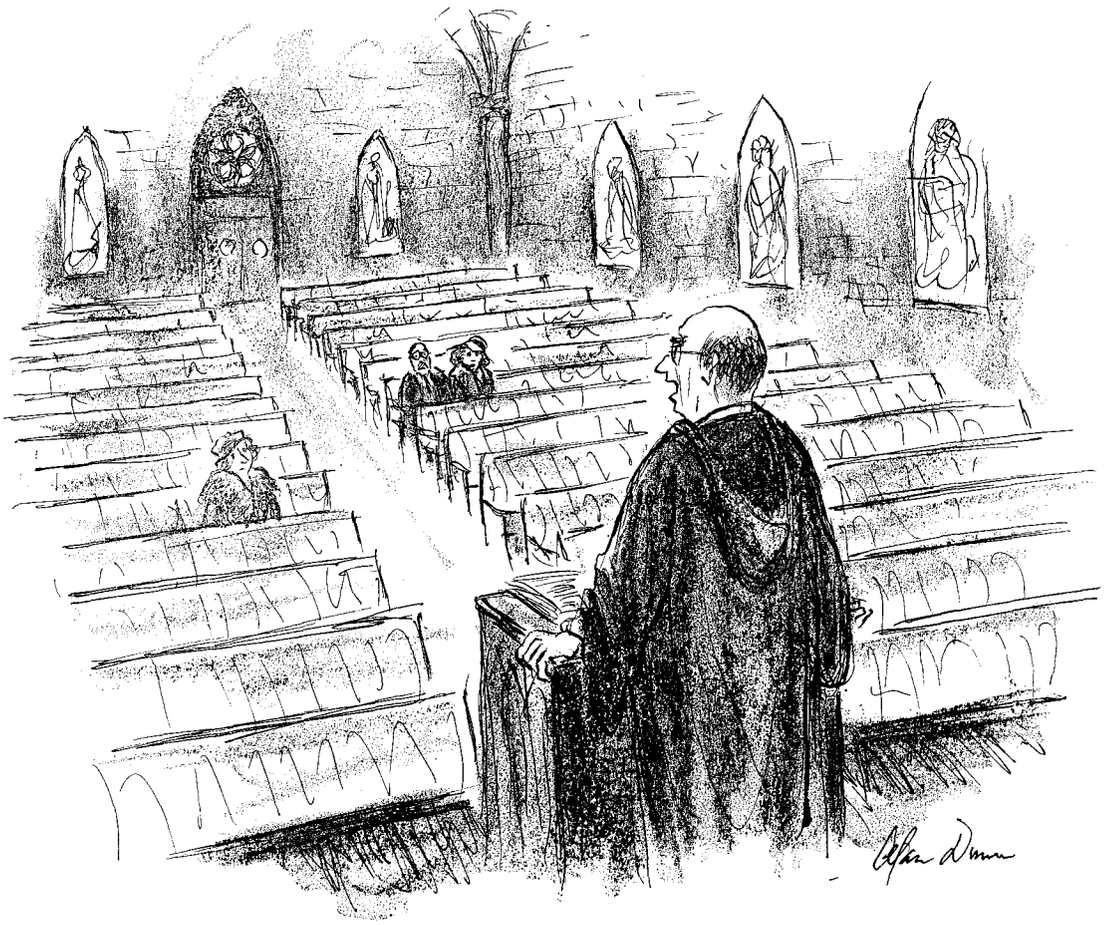
be performed by Atlanta's democratically elected officials, Portman replied, "Because those people are not objective, they're *political*. And they don't make objective decisions—they make political decisions. In the Forum, nobody's running for office. No one can use the Forum as a platform or use it in any other way for his own self-interest or self-advancement. What it is is an unselfish group that is dedicated to facing tough issues for the benefit of the city, and trying to make decisions on them without worrying about whether it's going to get elected next time. I don't think this is something that a political group can do."

Some Atlanta whites—particularly those in positions of power—are wont to view the creation and the continuing vitality of the Action Forum as evidence that the city's power structure has voluntarily integrated itself. They point out that the white members of the Forum are the recognized leaders of Atlanta's white power structure and that the black members are the recognized leaders of Atlanta's black community, and they draw the conclusion that Atlanta now has a black-and-white power structure. Black members of the Forum, proceeding from the same set of facts, draw a different conclusion. They are quick to point out that there are two major kinds of power in Atlanta—economic and political—and that while the blacks have political power at the moment, the whites still have almost all the economic power. Blacks do not have "the old, deep money," as Maynard Jackson once put it, that the whites have.

"I refuse to say I'm in the power structure," Jesse Hill, Jr., the president of the Atlanta Life Insurance Company, who is perhaps the most influential black man in Atlanta, said not long ago. Hill has always been a power in the black community, but within the past couple of years he has been appointed to boards and agencies that were formerly controlled exclusively by whites: the executive committee of the Chamber of Commerce; the Georgia Board of Regents; MARTA; the board of a department store, Rich's, which once had Martin Luther King arrested for seeking service in a tearoom. Hill is also a member of the Action Forum. "There has been a change, but it hasn't been a change in the power structure," he said. "It's a change in the ability of the power structure to wield the kinds of influence in all directions which it did in the past. I hold that the basic power structure hasn't changed all that much. I think that their influence over some of the major directions of the city is limited, and I think that the direct influence and power of the black community has increased. There's no question about that. But I don't describe that as a change in the power structure. I think it's a change in the city. And I think the Action Forum is a unique coming together of the power structure—which I hold is white—with some very prominent and dedicated blacks." The difference, Hill went on, is that the blacks still lack the economic power of their white counterparts, and until a balance is achieved the whites will continue to constitute the Atlanta power structure. "It would be accurate to say that the white power structure today is *sharing* some of its power and influence in the operation of the city," he said. "But the thing I want to be careful about is suggesting that we have even scratched the surface when it comes to economic development, because we have not. We now have a city with a majority black population. There are entirely too many blacks, and some whites, who are completely out of tune with the prosperity of this town. We've got to improve the quality of life for the masses who are caught in the ghetto. We've got to find a way to tune in some of the less fortunate people to that prosperity. One way to do that is through the Action Forum, and another is through MARTA—I think mass transit is going to give this town a real shot in the arm. And I think Maynard's election will help, too."



"My text this morning is taken from Paragraph 15 of the President's message in regard to Sunday driving."

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NOT only for Jesse Hill but for a good many other Atlantans who are concerned about the city's future, the recent mayoral election provided a strong dose of hope. The election showed, first, that black and white Atlantans were not so polarized in their racial attitudes as to vote for a candidate solely because of his color, even though they were exhorted to do so,

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and it also gave the ordinary Atlantan reason to believe he was achieving a greater say in the direction that his city and his own destiny were taking. Sam Massell had been elected in 1969 by a coalition of interest groups, many of them consisting of ordinary Atlantans, and his appeal to racism in the closing days of his campaign for reëlection could not obscure the fact that he had spent most of his four years in office working in the interests of those people, sometimes with the coöperation of the power structure and sometimes without it. And now the election of Maynard Jackson, an Atlantan whose skin color had required him to stay in tune with many of the city's common people, was seen by some Atlantans as a step on the road toward a real urban populism. In fact, near the end of the campaign, as it became apparent to many Atlantans that Jackson would win, quite a few blacks were reminding their white friends that black political power did not mean the exclusion of whites. Lonnie King, now the head of a management consulting firm and a member of the Action Forum, explained it this way not long ago: "I think almost all black folks who came up in the Baptist Church have gotten this lecture: that if we get into power, or *when* we get into power, as black people we really aren't going to treat white folks like white folks treated us. Maybe I'm an old fogy. Maybe I'm outdated. But I really believe that we can in fact assume political power and *can* show the white man in Atlanta how to share power—the power that he never shared with us." Other observers, including some from the black community, have commented that it would not be at all unreasonable to interpret the outcome of the city-council president's race in which black votes helped the white candidate, Wyche Fowler, defeat the black candidate, Hosea Williams, as an olive branch offered by the blacks of Atlanta to the whites.

What King and the others were talking about was what many Atlantans think of as populism. For them, populism has been something of a recurring dream—in some instances a preoccupation, or even a fixation. These Atlantans particularly resent the good publicity that the city has received in recent years, and the self-congratulatory air that the power structure has *sometimes* assumed; they say that Atlanta still has a lot of poverty and misery along with its courage and progress, and that the poverty and misery have sometimes been swept under the rug in favor of tall buildings and new expressways, both of which exist largely to serve the white-collar residents of the city's nicer sections and of the suburbs.

In proportion to its size, Atlanta probably has one of the largest groups of white and black liberals in the nation. The Southern Regional Council is there, and so are offices of such groups as the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Friends Service Committee. In addition, liberals populate a number of community organizations, and some of them teach at the twenty-four colleges and universities in the Atlanta area. They are, by and large, people who profess to love the ideas of democracy and liberty, as expressed in the United States

"Does voice-overs for dog-food commercials, I understand."

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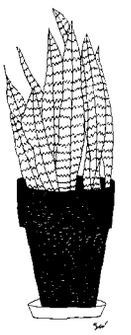
Constitution and as interpreted by, say, the Warren Court, but who love the South with equal fervor, and therefore stay there. Some of them believe or hope that the South, and Atlanta in particular, has the potential of becoming the closest thing to a free and open society that America will develop—not despite but, rather, because of the region's long history of racial turmoil.

When these people—almost all of them Southern whites but a few of them Southern blacks who still believe in integration and never saw any advantages in black radicalism—talk about Southern politics, they spend a good deal of their time remembering the "good old days" of populism. Their definition of the word is not so closely related to agrarian reform as was the populist movement that occurred in the United States in the latter part of the nineteenth century, although many of the statements of that day sound remarkably like the thinking of the modern urban liberals of Atlanta. "The conditions which surround us," said the Populist Party platform of 1892, "best justify our coöperation; we meet in the midst of a nation brought to the verge of moral, political, and material ruin. Corruption dominates the ballot box, the legislatures, the Congress, and touches even the ermine of the bench. The people are demoralized. . . . We assert our purposes to be identical with the purposes of the National Constitution." The white liberals recall at length—frequently with drinks in their hands and open bottles on the table—the careers of Georgia's preëminent populist, Tom Watson, and the man who succeeded him, Eugene Talmadge. They recall the populists' attacks on the bankers and the utility companies—the power structures, really—and the promises that were made on the campaign trails to the accompaniment of string bands and gospel singers. They recall, too, with sadness in their voices and another reach for the bottle on the table, the fatal flaw: how those potential heroes and humanitarians foundered on the issue of race, or, as W. J. Cash put it in "The Mind of the South," "the ancient fixation on Negro." The white liberals of modern-day Atlanta spend a lot of time wondering how the populist movement in the South would have turned out if it had not been infected with racism.

Their wondering leads them to speculate on whether it would be possible to create a new and better populism—one that would not take advantage of racial tensions, as Southern white politicians have almost always done, but, rather, would take advantage of the lessons the South has learned, painfully, over the last several decades. One of those lessons, the white liberals believe, is that the blacks and the "common whites," as Cash called them, are still being exploited by the politicians, and that the politicians are still in league with the same old devils: the banks, the utilities, and the railroads; the real-estate men, the paper-mill owners, and the textile barons. The white liberals have always believed—or, at least, they have believed since the era of civil-rights demonstrations started—that whatever is done in the South must be done by whites and blacks together, and that the poor white Southerners must be delivered from their bonds of racism. They believe that these bonds were not self-imposed but placed on the poor whites by the conditions around them, and that those conditions were dictated, by and large, by groups of men sometimes called power structures.



The liberals have continued to search for a modern populist in whom to place their trust. A lot of them thought they had found one in Martin Luther King, but King was not a politician, and his life was ended before he could be persuaded to bring his message to the voters. Some even wanted to give George Wallace and Lester Maddox a chance to prove themselves populists when those two men moved into the statehouses of Alabama and Georgia after campaigns in which they championed the cause of the common people, but both of them proved to be disappointments. Wallace seemed never able to rise above his ancient fixation, and Maddox turned out to be more of a clown than a statesman, entertaining the citizenry, when he was governor, by having his picture taken riding a bicycle backward and more recently, as lieutenant governor, riding a mule the same way. Now the liberals are confronted with Maynard Jackson, and they are searching his words, and will soon be examining his deeds, for some proof of populism. So far, Jackson has indicated by his words that he is aware of the needs and desires of the "little people." (He cannot be considered a little person himself, however, either in physical stature or in social class. The new mayor is a light-skinned man who stands about six feet two and weighs two hundred and eighty pounds, and, like many of the black Atlantans who are in positions of leadership, he has an extraordinary family background. His father was a Baptist minister, his mother is the head of a college department, and his aunt is the opera singer Mattiwilda Dobbs. Jackson sped through the Atlanta school system, and graduated from Morehouse College when he was eighteen years old.) In his victory speech in October, which was given in a hotel ballroom filled with joyous blacks and whites who seemed quite at ease with each other, Jackson showed that, like Lonnie King, he remembered some of his Baptist upbringing. He occasionally ventured into the cadences of a black preacher trying to establish soulful rapport with his congregation.

"No matter how many suns may set," he said to his audience, "no matter how many moons may glow . . ."

"Well?" answered an old man in the crowd.

"No matter how many pebbles may rest on the beach, no matter how many times the tides may come . . ."

"*Well?*"

"Never, never . . ."

"Never!" some of the crowd shouted back.

"Never . . ." Jackson was enjoying the exchange.

"Never!"—again, louder now.

"Never . . ."

"Never!"—even louder now.

"Never, *never* shall I let you down."

Jackson spoke about a painting called "Rock of Ages," which he had just seen in an exhibition that his wife was organizing. He said, "It was a little old lady who stands at the bus stop with shopping bags around her feet, her head held high, her chin jutting forth; very, very little in her pocket; a world of pride on her back. And this campaign was for her, whether she be black or white. Because she has helped to make it possible for most of us in this room to even be here tonight. So this campaign was dedicated to the Rock of Ages."

In an interview before the runoff election, Jackson said that he intended to be aware of the power structure as well. "In fact," Jackson said, "before I am inaugurated, but after my election, I intend to begin establishing strong lines of communication between City Hall and the business community, including the traditional power structure and *other* power structures—and also the grass-roots leadership. We intend to develop, under my administration, a situation whereby grass-roots leaders, white and black, will be sitting alongside of persons who are quite wealthy, quite influential, and sometimes not as attuned as they need to be to what it really is like to be living close to disas-

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"To all departments: The newest addition to the Bokmuller Family of Soups will be named Bokmuller Split Pea Soup."

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ter." Jackson was asked if he would have any problem sitting across the table from someone who had traditionally been opposed to black progress—someone like Calvin Craig, for example, a Ku Klux Klan leader of the sixties, who is now active in Atlanta's Model Cities program. Jackson paused for a few moments and then said, "That's not an easy question to answer. If Calvin Craig is a racist and if he's about the business of opposing black people, I'd have a *lot* of problems sitting down across the table from him." He thought a moment longer and went on, "I can sit down across the table from Calvin Craig, or anybody else, for that matter. But I think we have to have an understanding of where we're coming from. I'll be very wary about placing a great deal of trust in someone with a long history of racial oppression. I think that's very human. If he can show me that he's sincere and he's honest about what he's doing, I think I ought to be big enough to consider that idea and to try to make that adjustment."

Calvin Craig certainly thinks of himself as a sincere and honest Atlantan these days. There was little doubt about his sincerity even in the sixties, when he was a familiar sight on the Atlanta streets (and one that was easily spotted, since he often wore a white robe) as he directed the fortunes of the Ku Klux Klan in Georgia. Craig terminated his activities in the Klan late in the decade and took up voter-registration work. The reason, he said at the time, was that the common people were getting a bad deal from the politicians. Many of Craig's arguments had a ring to them that was not altogether different from the liberals' complaints. Now Craig represents his neighborhood, Adair Park, which has a predominantly black population, in the Model Cities program. He also considers himself a representative of a side of Atlanta that is infrequently talked about by the people in power: the hardworking but still financially insecure white Atlantans—the mechanic at the airport, the man who takes your ticket at the parking lot, the fireman, the factory worker.

"I have always contended that the conference table was the *only* solution to the problems of America," Craig said not long ago. "I don't think marches on the streets or burning crosses can solve the problems of our country, either by members of the Ku Klux Klan or by civil-rights organizations. And the Model Cities program gave me this right, or the privilege, of sitting at the conference table." Craig added that he felt that the conference table was not being used as well as it should be—that the politicians were still running the show, and the common people were still being shut out. "I think that what we need to do today is help the little man, the poor man," Craig said. "The one that has never had any of the action, more or less; that's always been sitting on the sidelines, or who is the 'silent majority,' regardless of whether he's black or white. You know, the poor white man is in just as bad shape as the poor black man. Or maybe more so. You take a poor white man: people just feel about a white person, if he's poor, that he's just as sorry as they come—trash. That is their philosophy. They figure he's 'lower than the nigger.'" The solution to this and other dilemmas, said Craig, was for the blacks and the whites to get together and work them out.

Craig was asked if he would have any difficulty sitting across the conference table from Maynard Jackson. (He had voted for Sam Massell in the runoff.) "No, I wouldn't have any trouble at all," he replied. "I believe I can work with *any* person, if he's sincere. I think Maynard Jackson is sincere." A little later, Craig was asked if he still had his Ku Klux Klan robe. He smiled and said, "Oh, yes, I've still got it, sort of for a remembrance. It and about a ton of other stuff. It's just souvenirs." —FRED POWLEDGE

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Serene and smiling, with green eyes aglow, down-to-earth manner, and faintly Midwest-tinged talk, she kept everything running like a well-oiled machine as she greeted people, answered phones, checked with her secretary, riffled through messages, and underwent an interview, all without a word, sound or look.

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—*The Post.*

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THE THEATRE

NOT WAVING BUT DROWNING

CHEKHOV's "Three Sisters" is among the very greatest plays of the century; it is also an exceptionally difficult play to perform with the finesse that its greatness demands. It has at least ten roles that must be played well, and much of the time the playing of them consists of lounging about and listening to others, for the action onstage is composed almost entirely of talk. Moreover, the actors and actresses, contrary to their training, must not make an effort to listen raptly, as they are encouraged to do in a play by Shakespeare or Congreve or, for that matter, by Dürrenmatt or Albee. They must listen with a careless disregard for the speaker, as if busying themselves with their own grave or merry thoughts; at the same time, they must take pains not to call our attention to their inattention. For this is how people listen in real life, and it amounted to a revolution in playwriting when Chekhov perceived that astounding things are said in the course of our ordinary daily rounds, and can afford to be said because they are but half heard and less than half understood. In each of Chekhov's plays, and especially in "Three Sisters," terrible cries from the heart are uttered, and one would suppose that nothing in the lives of the speaker and his listeners would ever be the same, but no—the cry is followed by someone's harsh rebuke of a servant or some mild inanity about the weather. The plight of Chekhov's characters is summarized in the celebrated ghost story-poem by Stevie Smith that begins, "I was much further out than you thought/ And not waving but drowning." Families preserve themselves by dint of a calculated deafness, a ruse of incomprehension. The playgoer who supposes that Chekhov's unhappy families are "Russian" because they talk so much, or, still worse, that because they talk so much they must lack gumption, fails to see that the playwright's chase has an altogether different beast in view; his theme is the conflict that exists between the hope of happiness that rises unbidden in us and our ignorance of where happiness lies. In torrents of words, we give voice to that conflict; husband, wife, lover, brother, or sister says in wary reply, "I understand perfectly," and it is not so. In "Three Sisters," the Prozorov girls speak continually of quitting the dull provincial city in which they live and returning to splendid Moscow, where they were born. When they are obliged to face the fact that their dream is never to come true, they embrace without despair a new dream—that "someday people will know what the purpose of all this suffering is." An inexhaustible topic of conversation, and one with the advantage of being unable to be answered and therefore readily not listened to.

The City Center Acting Company is giving "Three Sisters" in repertory at the Billy Rose, along with three other plays. The company, formed in 1971 by graduating students of the Juilliard, is defined by its artistic director, John Houseman, as "the only permanent professional ensemble regularly performing classic and contemporary repertory throughout the United States." Its members are young and very gifted, and they make a gallant try with "Three Sisters;" if their success is limited, the production is nevertheless well worth going to see. The three sisters are played by Mary Lou Rosato, Mary-Joan Negro, and Patti LuPone; they are touching and valiant, and one hears in the concluding lines of the play—"Really, I feel as if I wanted to live!"—the heroic voice of the playwright himself, already mortally ill. Cynthia Herman is suitably fluttery and bitchy as their sister-in-law. David Schramm is amusing as an old family friend; also amusing is David Ogden Stiers as a complaisant husband. Others deserving of mention are Kevin Kline, Norman Snow, Benjamin Hendrickson, and Sam Tsoutsouvas. The settings are by Douglas W. Schmidt, the costumes are by John David Ridge, and the lighting is by Martin Aronstein. The director is Boris Tumarin.

—BRENDAN GILL

"I had my birthday party yesterday, and I didn't invite you. My parents said I had to, but my analyst said I didn't have to if I didn't want to, so I didn't."

OFF BROADWAY

Across the Bridge and Into the Academy

THE enterprising little Chelsea Theatre, upstairs at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, has made us a Christmas present of "Candide," with

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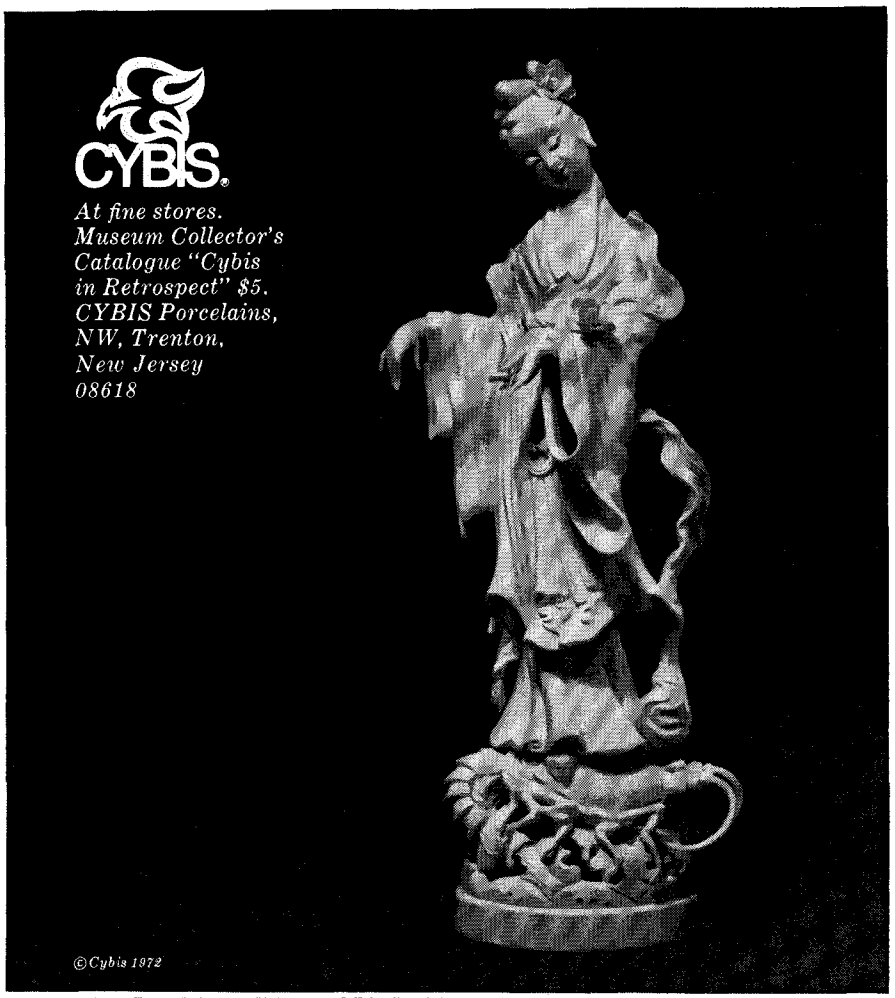
much of Leonard Bernstein's glorious score intact, along with Richard Wilbur's nimble, sparkling lyrics (additional lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and John Latouche), but with a new book, by Hugh Wheeler. The show is done in an environmental setting, by Eugene and Franne Lee, and the audience must climb ramps and steps to perch in bleachers near the various raised platforms around the room. Usually this sort of thing is a nuisance and is not to be encouraged, but here it works; everything is alive, and, much to the credit of the director, the self-effacing Harold Prince, nothing seems arty or forced. From the moment we hear the overture, played by groups of instruments in all parts of the theatre, the performance takes off, and it stays aloft all through the hour and three-quarters it lasts. The songs are as good as ever, and are well sung by a company that may be no match in experience or musical accomplishment for the Broadway company of 1956 (Robert Rounseville, Irra Petina, Barbara Cook) but is a match for any company in spirit, fidelity, and appeal (to say nothing of acrobatics). Mr. Wheeler's book has pared the show down to little more than a romp, but a romp full of mockery and mischief and with a lot of funny jokes and ideas, along with a few poor ones (a skittish "Charley's Aunt" transvestite scene, for example).

The casting of Lewis J. Stadlen in the important double role of the skeptical Voltaire (piping, quavery voice and stringy white wig) and the optimistic Dr. Pangloss (deep voice and thick dark wig) falls far short of ideal. (I don't think much of using Voltaire as a character in any case.) Mr. Stadlen does well enough in three minor parts, however. In fact, almost everyone doubles, triples, or quadruples, to fine effect. Mark Baker, a young tenor, is good as the beaming, disaster-ridden Candide (described by Wolcott Gibbs in his review of the original production as "one of the great imbeciles in literature"), and Maureen Brennan is just as good—and pretty and charming besides—as his love, Cunegonde, cheerfully enduring rape, seductions, and other abuses. The Old Lady—the best and funniest role of all—is splendidly played and sung by June Gable, who does a smashing rendition of "I Am Easily Assimilated." I also enjoyed Joe Palmieri as a lustful Grand Inquisitor, among other characters, and Jeff Keller as an equally lustful Rich Jew, among other characters, and Deborah St. Darr and Sam Freed as a character apiece. This "Candide" never attains—nor does it



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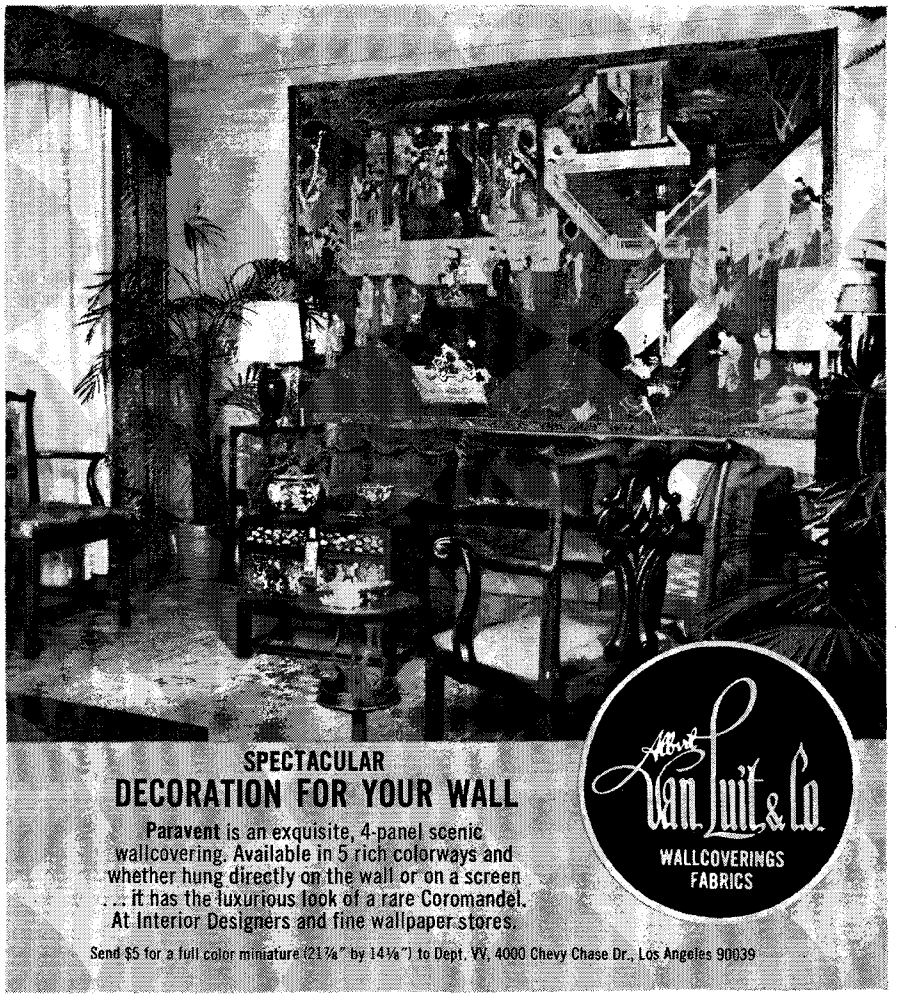
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reach for—satire, but, considered on its own terms of impudent comedy and farce, it is a success. And as for the music and lyrics, where else but at the Chelsea can you hear "You Were Dead, You Know," "Oh Happy We," "Glitter and Be Gay," and "The Best of All Possible Worlds"? The triumph is still Leonard Bernstein's and Richard Wilbur's, as it was seventeen years ago.

Robert Wilson's "The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin," which ran for two weekends at the Brooklyn Academy, is a tremendous mosaic of images—visual and aural. Each performance lasted twelve hours, from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M., and one of the wonders, among many, was that anything so beautiful and abstract and eccentric could also be so human and humane and lighthearted. As was true of Mr. Wilson's surrealist adventure "Deafman Glance," which was done here three years ago and is included in this production, the cast was huge and mostly amateur—friends and students of Mr. Wilson's, as well as students from a school for the deaf. One of its members was Mr. Wilson's eighty-eight-year-old grandmother, who at one point told us clearly and quickly about a fire she was in when she was five years old. Some of the images in the show are abrupt, almost too fast for the eye to catch, and others change so slowly that we can barely tell that they are changing. Some of the words are clear, others are purposely unintelligible. The performance is as mysterious and as full of surprises as a night's dreaming. From time to time, the characters Sigmund Freud and his daughter, Anna, cross the stage, as well they might. (A number of Stalins appear, too, in order to justify the title.) Mr. Wilson is surely one of the most original and innovative artists at work in the theatre today, and one of the most resourceful. Few aspects of theatre are overlooked. The choreography, music, scenery, lighting, and props, by a number of hands, seemed, for the four and a half hours I spent at the show, as near perfection as makes no matter. —Edith Oliver

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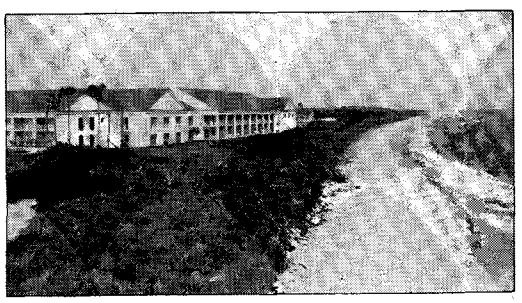
State and Federal wildlife experts are closely watching concentrations of waterfowl in the Great Lakes region. These scientists are looking for, and are hoping they will find, symptoms of a deadly waterfowl disease that could kill millions of wild ducks, geese and swans.
—*Newberry (Mich.) News.*

Good luck, fellows!



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LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 18

YESTERDAY'S crisis budget was the second helping of the bitter medicine that the Government has now made clear all must learn to swallow if they wish England to stagger through this winter of disastrous local complications deriving from the world energy crisis. For the man in the street and his wife, the first dose of bad news, given by the Prime Minister last Thursday—the astonishingly severe measures for rationing electricity—was infinitely worse. It has been noted, indeed, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Anthony Barber, was pointedly tender with ordinary citizens in his new measures, which bore down heavily on government spending rather than on private pockets. He did not even slap a deterring tax on cars or petrol, as many motorists had thought probable. This started up rumors of a pending general election very strongly again. The one highly popular part of the package was the hoped-for swipe—though it was not enough, as Labour immediately charged—taken at the enormous fortunes made by property speculators, an unpopular section of the community, who are constantly cited as a divisive cause of bad feeling in disunited Britain today. On the whole, however, the occasion seemed to many people to be oddly flat and without special urgency, considering that it was brought on by the worst crisis in all the weary succession of crises through which the country has stumbled since the war.

On Thursday, the packed, expectant House of Commons, and the larger audience sitting grimly staring at Mr. Heath's grim face that evening on television, heard with far more shock of the Draconian power curbs. They came into force yesterday. There is much confusion at the moment as to how they will work, but for factories, offices, and shops not on the exempted list they will mean a staggered three-day working week and a shattering money loss, from which many small businesses will doubtless not recover. Householders must now patriotically switch off all but one electric heater per home. By obeying the drastic new order, the country may scrape through without the total, blanket power cuts that, it appears, could come when the miners' and the electrical engineers' present working restrictions begin to be seriously felt. Not surprisingly, the Commons heard the Prime Minister's statement in nonpartisan silence, descending only later to the acrimonious calling of party points. Like well-behaved but anxious children noting impassively another scene of strange adult behavior, the visitors in the public gallery gazed down at the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition rasping away at each other across the dispatch box as though it were not a moment of national peril but just another political free-for-all. The customary loud shout of "Resign! Resign!" from the more excitable Labour backbenchers followed the Prime Minister as he left the chamber.

Last week, things became worse, of course, when the train drivers belonging to the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen—a union of once élite craftsmen who feel bitterly that they are losing out in the pay race, with the unskilled often toting home a larger pay packet than the skilled—started their little bit of industrial action to add to the national and the travelling public's injury this unmerry Christmas. Ironically, they obeyed the militant orders to stage a go-slow just as the railways looked as though they would gain passengers and freight transferred from the roads and were headed, as Mr. Richard Marsh, the British rail chief, despairingly pointed out, for their rosiest prospects in years. The immediate, exasperating effect of their action is that many people who hoped to train, if they could not drive, to family reunions over the holidays will probably not make it. Neither will the Christmas parcels of laggards who did not mail early, since the Post Office has just announced that it will not accept a single bundle more in London and the Home Counties, owing to the railway chaos.

This accumulation of worrying news has given many people here the feeling that everyday life is simply breaking down before their eyes. A frequently heard observation, often made with the kind of peculiar masochistic pleasure with which the British meet adversity, is that "things are slowly grinding to a halt." Yet until now, strange to say, there has been an equally determined optimism going about, to judge by the number of people who insist that it will all be over by spring. By that time, they say, the Arabs will have relented, the miners and the railwaymen and the electrical engineers will all have had a sudden, astonishing change of heart, and everything will be as it was, except for the appalling cost to England, of course. Until last week, uninformed opinion had every excuse to feel mystified by a crisis that seemed to blow up in the country's face so suddenly. Some recent Ministerial utterances certainly did nothing to dispel public bewilderment or recent skepticism as to whether the fuel crisis was really as desperate as it appeared. While petrol pumps were going dry and London street lights were being dimmed to a lacklustre effect cheering only to burglars, citizens were infuriated to note Mr. Peter Walker, the Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, once more giving Parliament soothing assurances that the position was not yet serious enough for rationing to be introduced. Having obediently queued to collect their ration books, they received the confused impression that the things were intended to be kept in a drawer, like iron rations in a siege, to make the holder feel safer, but maybe never to be used.

Many Conservatives think that a general election is certainly coming, and that it is a good idea, even though the prospect of several weeks of a disruptive political campaign does not strike everyone as being helpful to the national unity there is so much talk about. In their view, Edward Heath would receive a landslide mandate from the country to stand fast. If any doubt was felt that he would remain unbudging on the unpopular Stage Three of his policy for containing inflation and not letting the miners or anybody else bust the wages dam, it has now disappeared. As many Britons point out, however, a large Conservative majority in Parliament would not bring a bucketful of coal to the surface if the miners should still be bent on continuing the struggle. There are undoubtedly plenty of people, too, in all parties, who feel that it would not be impossible to make the miners "a special case"—as indeed they are at this moment—and to settle with them while persuading the other unions to keep their own demands in cold storage. This does not seem very likely. The Prime Minister has appeared to give a hint or two that the detested Industrial Relations Act, which seems to have ushered in an era of unprecedented ill will all around, may be looked at again, but on Stage Three he remains rigid. It seemed a lightening of the gloom to anxious Members on both sides of the House, and to numbers of ordinary English outside, when the large, watchfully amiable, heavy-lidded face of the

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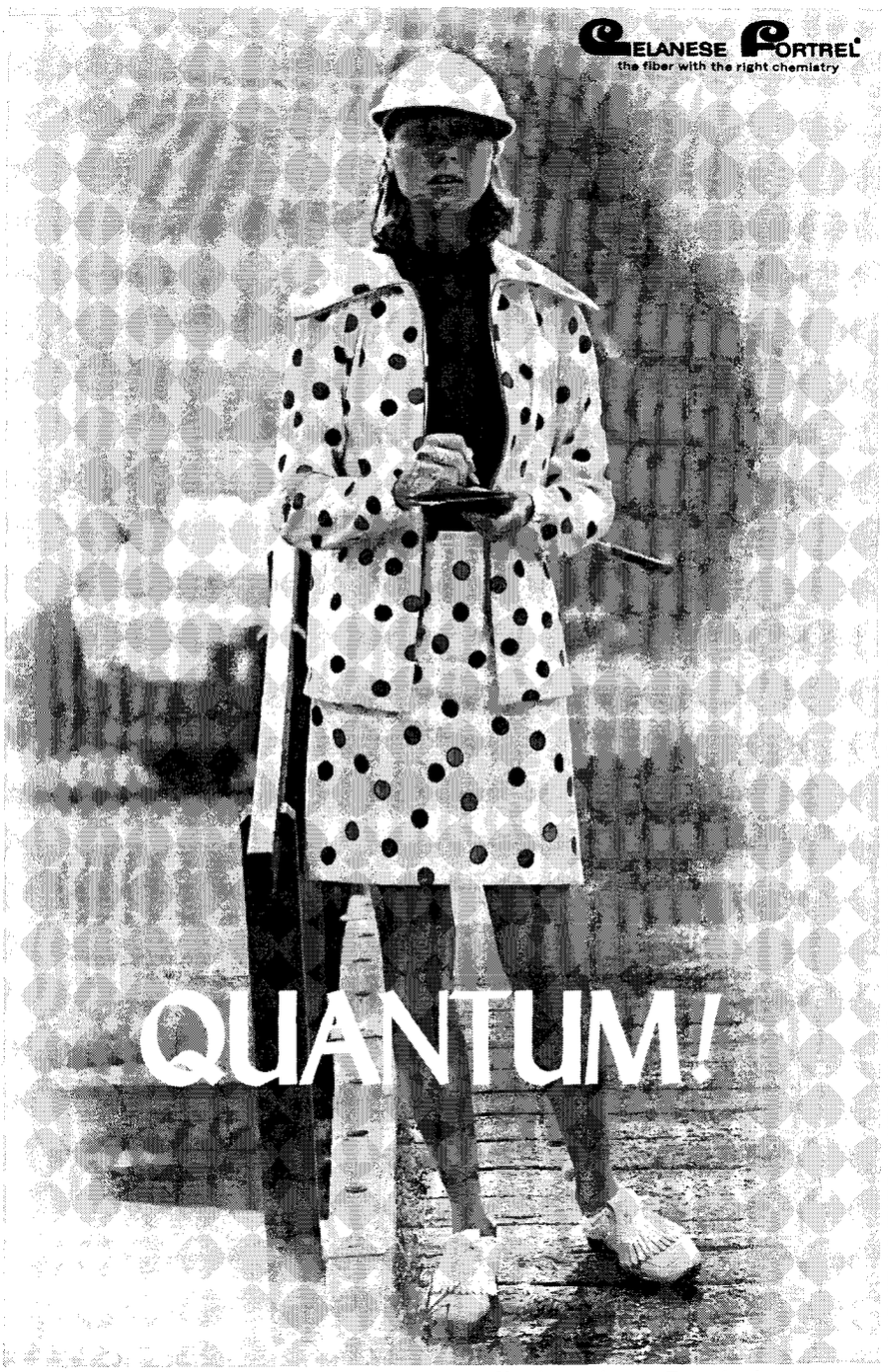

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new Secretary of State for Employment loomed up, like a fine harvest moon, on the Government front bench next to Mr. Heath. Almost pathetically, all hopes are now centered on Mr. Willie Whitelaw—the press having immediately paid him the compliment of the affectionate diminutive—as being the only possible conciliator in sight.

THE Chinese exhibition that will be at the Royal Academy until January 23rd is a splendid London event that is drawing huge crowds. The show, as you doubtless know, is of the treasures excavated by archeologists of the People's Republic of China since 1949, and is being sponsored here, as the Tutankhamen exhibition was, by the *Times* and the *Sunday Times*. It is so large that there are not the exhausting hours of queuing that visitors had to endure before they could inch their way into the small Tutankhamen show. The presentation at the Academy is brilliant. Although most visitors arm themselves with the thick, erudite catalogue, written by Professor William Watson, who holds the chair of Chinese Art and Archeology at London University, it has proved to be unnecessary except as a subsequent aid to memory. On the walls of each room, representing stages in the six-hundred-thousand-year journey of the Chinese people, is set out exactly what one should know about the rulers, the wars, and the increasingly marvellous and abundant art of each dynasty. The famous turquoise-colored "Flying Horse" is shown in his own spotlighted case, apart from the other, less remarkable little bronze horses, and seems indeed to leap through space like the unique masterpiece he is. Animals and birds turn up everywhere in the show, either splendidly, as in the tiny garnet-studded leopards of the Western Han Dynasty, or wittily, as in the shape of a jolly little bronze monster, something like a frog with horns, who was made as a wine jug by some loving craftsman ten centuries before Christ. The glorious bronzes, glowing in every shade of green, are the richness of the exhibition. To visitors wandering absorbed from case to case, the immense, staggering antiquity of these superb works of art appears to put the present troubles in proportion, and it is giving much pleasure at a time when pleasure seems valuable. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Survivor

Woody Allen appears before us as the battered adolescent, scarred forever, a little too nice and much too threatened to allow himself to be aggressive. He has the city-wise effrontery of a shrimp who began by using language to protect himself and then discovered that language has a life of its own. The running war between the tame and the surreal—between Woody Allen the frightened nice guy trying to keep the peace and Woody Allen the wiseacre whose subversive fantasies keep jumping out of his mouth—has been the source of the comedy in his films. Messy, tasteless, and crazily uneven (as the best talking comedies have often been), the last two pictures he directed—"Bananas" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex"—had wild highs that suggested an erratic comic genius. The tension between his insecurity and his wit makes us empathize with him; we, too, are scared to show how smart we feel. And he has found a nonaggressive way of dealing with urban pressures. He stays nice; he's not insulting, like most New York comedians, and he delivers his zingers without turning into a cynic. We enjoy his show of defenselessness, and even the I-don't-mean-any-harm ploy, because we see the essential sanity in him. We respect that sanity—it's the base from which he takes flight. At his top, in parts of "Bananas" and "Sex," the inexplicably funny took over; it might be grotesque, it almost always had the flippant, corny bawdiness of a frustrated sophomore running amok, but it seemed to burst out—as the most inspired comedy does—as if we had all been repressing it. We laughed as if he had let out what we couldn't hold in any longer.

The surreal is itself tamed in Woody Allen's "Sleeper," the most stable and most sustained of his films. (It also has the best title.) Easily the slapstick comedy of the year—there hasn't been any other—"Sleeper" holds together, as his sharpest earlier films failed to do; it doesn't sputter and blow fuses, like "Bananas" and "Sex." It's charming—a very even work, with almost no thudding bad lines and with no low stretches. I can't think of anything much the matter with it; it's a small classic. But it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of those other films. You come out smiling and perfectly happy, but not driven crazy, not really turned on, the way his messier movies and some musicals ("Singin' in the Rain," "Cabaret") and some comic movies ("M*A*S*H," "The Long Goodbye") and parts of Paul Mazursky's movies can turn one on. I had a wonderful time at "Sleeper," and I laughed all the way through, but it wasn't exhilarating. Allen's new sense of control over the medium and over his own material seems to level out the abrasive energy. You can be with it all the way, and yet it doesn't impose itself on your imagination—it dissolves when it's finished. If it sounds like a contradiction to say that "Sleeper" is a small classic and yet not exhilarating—well, I can't completely explain that. Comedy is impossibly mysterious; this is a beautiful little piece of work—it shows a development of skills in our finest comedy-maker—and yet it's mild, and doesn't quite take off.

Woody Allen plays a Rip Van Winkle who wakes up in 2173—and that's all I'm going to say about the story, because I don't want to squeeze the freshness out of the jokes. His girl is Diane Keaton (who was practically the only good thing in "Play It Again, Sam"), and she has a plucky, almost Jean Arthur quality. She's very appealing, and in "Sleeper" you want to like her; I always felt right on the verge of responding to her (as a broad-faced, Slavic-looking poet of the future), but she isn't quite funny enough. She has good bits (like her Brando parody), but her timing is indefinite, and so is the

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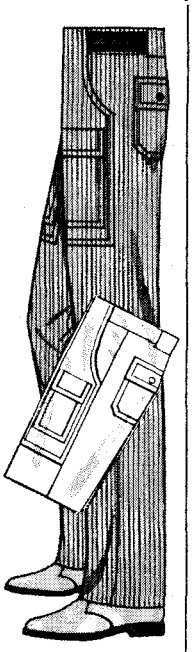

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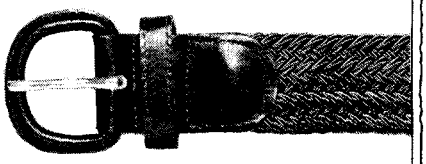

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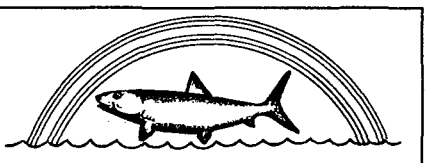

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character she plays. She's really just there to be Woody's girl, and there's nobody else—other than Allen himself—you remember from the movie. "Sleeper" could really use a *cast*. In a Preston Sturges comedy, the various characters' madnesses and obsessions bounced off each other and got all scrambled up; Chaplin and Keaton had their big fellows to contend with; the Marx Brothers had each other, plus Margaret Dumont and Walter Woolf King and Sig Rumann and those blondes wriggling in satin. But Woody Allen has no set characters to respond to. He needs a great stock company, like Carol Burnett's (Who wants to be a crazy alone? That leads to melancholy), but so far in his movies he's the only character, because his conception of himself keeps him alone.

The Woody Allen character suffers, in all his films, from sex in the head which he figures his body can't get for him. It's the comedy of sexual inadequacy; what makes it hip rather than masochistic and awful is that he thinks women want the media macho ideal, and we in the audience are cued to suspect, as he secretly does, that that's the real inadequacy (social even more than sexual). Woody Allen is a closet case of potency; he knows he's potent, but he's afraid to tell the world—and adolescents and post-adolescents can certainly identify with that. His shrimp-hero's worst fear may be that he would be attractive only to women who feel sorry for him (or want to dominate him). The latter is parenthetical because Allen hasn't explored that possibility; the thought of him with, say, Anne Bancroft suggests the sort of gambit he hasn't tried. When we see his films, all our emotions attach to him; his fear and his frailty are what everything revolves around. No one else in his pictures has a vivid presence, or any particular quality except being a threat to him, and even that quality isn't really characterized. Maybe the reason he doesn't invest others with comic character (or even villainous character) is that he's so hung up that he has no interest in other people's hangups; that could be why his stories never really build to the big climactic finish one expects from a comedy. His plots don't tie a gigantic knot and then explode it, because the other characters aren't strong enough to carry the threads. The end of "Sleeper" is just a mild cutoff point—not bad but unexciting. The movie has a more conventional slapstick-comedy structure than "Bananas," and slapstick isn't something you can do with a pickup cast. The comedy isn't forced, it looks relaxed and easy, but the routines don't gather momentum—they slide off somewhere. Woody Allen loses his supporting players along the way, and one hardly notices. It's likely that he sees his function as being all of us, and since he's all of us, nobody else can be anything.

But, being all of us, he can get too evenly balanced, he can lose his edge. Nobody else could have made "Bananas" or parts of "Sex," but others could conceivably make a movie like "Sleeper," just as others are beginning to write in the Woody Allen manner—and one of the most gifted of them, Marshall Brickman, is co-author of the "Sleeper" script. The humor here doesn't tap the mother lode; it's strip-mining. The movie is in the Woody Allen style, but it doesn't have the disruptive inspiration that is the unbalanced soul of Woody Allen. In interviews, Allen has often been quoted as saying that he wants to stay rough in his movie technique; I used to enjoy reading those quotes, because I thought he was right, and in "Bananas" his instinct to let the jokes run shapelessly loose instead of trimming them and making them tidy paid off. The effect was berserk, in an original way. But he tailored his play "Play It Again, Sam" in the smooth George S. Kaufman-Broadway style, and the movie version, which Herbert Ross directed even more smoothly (I hated it), turned out to be Woody Allen's biggest box-office success up to that time, and made him a mass-audience star. How could a man who really trusted the free and messy take up the clarinet, an instrument that appeals to controlled, precise people? You can't really goof around with a clarinet. (The group he plays with, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra, can be heard on the "Sleeper" track, along with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band.) I think he knows that the free and messy is the right, great direction for his comedy, but he's very well organized, and, like most comedians, he really trusts success. He trusts laughs, and how can a comedian tell when they're not earned? He's a romantic comedian—he goes on believing in love and the simple, good things in life. He's also a very practical-man comedian—he's the harried, bespectacled nice guy who just wants to stay nice and be a success and get the girl.

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In terms of his aspirations, he's rather like Truffaut's Antoine Doinel—the unpretentious, hopeful joiner of the bourgeoisie—as a jester. In American terms, he's Harold Lloyd with Groucho's tongue.

To have found a clean visual style for a modern slapstick comedy in color is a major victory; Woody Allen learns with the speed of a wizard. "Sleeper" has a real look to it, and simple, elegant design. (The robot servants of the future, in their tuxedos, might be windup dandies by Elie Nadelman.) Physically, Woody Allen is much more graceful in "Sleeper;" he's turning into that rarity, a verbal comedian who also knows how to use his body. And his acting has developed; he can register more emotions now, and his new silly beatific look—the look of a foolish sage—goes with the wonderful infantile jokes that don't make sense. But one might say that "Sleeper" is a sober comedy; it doesn't unhinge us, we never feel that our reason is being shredded. It has a businesslike, nine-to-five look about it, and a faint nine-to-five lethargy. For a comedian, the price of stability may be the loss of inspiration. (Our most inspired comedian, Jonathan Winters, has never found his forms. But then he doesn't have that base of sanity, either.) What's missing is the wild man's *indifference* to everything but the joke. In Woody Allen's case, this out-of-control edge went way past Groucho's effrontery and W. C. Fields' malice into a metaphysical outrageousness, but the impulse was similar: finally, the pleasure in the joke was all that mattered. That's what put him among the great ones.

Woody Allen has become the folk hero of adolescents and post-adolescents and maybe just about all of us because we felt that if we stuck with him failure could succeed; this was, in a sense, his pact with us to get our loyalty, and it worked. We don't want to have to go through failure; we want to watch him go through it—and come out the other side. I always thought the danger for him was that he wanted to be a universal little fellow—a Chaplin—and that he might linger too long on the depressive, misfit side of his character and let the schleppy pathos take over (as he did in "Take the Money and Run"). And I thought that if he ever convinced us that he was really failing he'd lose us—who wants to watch a wispy schlep? He may not fully know it, but he doesn't need our sympathy; he's got much more than that already. What Woody Allen probably doesn't realize is that when he uses his wit he becomes our D'Artagnan. He isn't a little fellow for college students; he's a *hero*. They want to be funny, like him.

What I had underestimated was another danger. Woody Allen tips the scales toward winning in "Sleeper," all right, but he overvalues normality; the battered adolescent still thinks that that's the secret of happiness. He hasn't come to terms with what his wit is telling him. He's dumped Chaplin (blessings) and devised a Buster Keaton-style story, but Keaton's refined physical movements were a clown's poetry, while when Allen does physical comedy—even when he's good at it—he's a very ordinary person. His gift is upstairs. It's really lucky that he cares about himself as much as he does, or he might get so balanced out that his jokes would become monotonous, like those of his imitators. If only he can begin to take control for granted, now that he's improving as a physical comedian and gaining infinitely greater skill as a director. Surreal comedy is chaos; to be really funny, you have to be willing to let your unconscious take over. That's what doesn't happen in "Sleeper."

"THE STING," with Paul Newman and Robert Redford, strings together the chapters of a Saturday-afternoon serial, each with its own cliff-hanger, and we're invited to wait around to see what the happy twosome will do next. The happy twosome seem to have something for each other, and for most of the rest of the world, that I don't tune in to. They're fine as actors (on the occasions when they practice their profession), but I don't respond to their arch love games, as in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and this new one, in which they've swapped mustaches—Newman now has the dashing ornament. They were darling desperadoes in their last match; now they're hearty hoods. I would much rather see a picture about two homosexual men in love than see two romantic actors going through a routine whose point is that they're so adorably smiley butch that they can pretend to be in love and it's all innocent. (It was more fun in the forties and fifties, when male couples played these games and we guessed from the way they looked at each other that they really were lovers offscreen.) Newman and Redford are probably the two sexiest male stars in the country, but when they play boyish coquettes the show is cloying. And the absence of women really is felt as a lack in this movie. (The device of giving the heroes unimpor-

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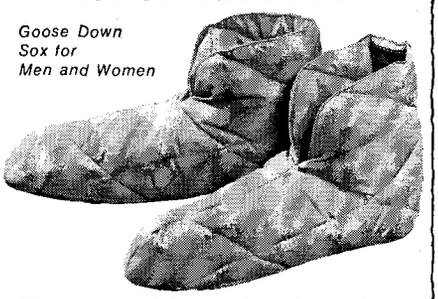

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tant women characters for bedmates just calls attention to where the true box-office feeling is.) But then not only is half of humanity omitted—so is most of what engages the remaining half. "The Sting," which is about big-time cardsharps and swindlers, is meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and I guess that's how most of the audience takes it, but I found it visually claustrophobic, and totally mechanical. It keeps cranking on, section after section, and it doesn't have a good spirit. As for its heroes' vaunted charm, isn't it a little late in life for Robert Redford (who has turned almost alarmingly blond—he's gone past platinum, he must be into plutonium; his hair is coördinated with his teeth) to be playing a raw kid, a novice con artist, and isn't it a little early in life for Paul Newman to be playing an old-pro trickster coming out of retirement for one last score? It's the acting profession that Newman seems to be prematurely retiring from. He looks almost obscenely healthy—as if he never missed his ten hours of sleep a night. And what would be keeping him up? He and Redford let their cute thirties hats do their work for them. The only lines in Paul Newman's face are those exquisitely happy crinkles around his eyes; he's beginning to look *fatuously* happy. The setting is the ragtime thirties—a synthetic period compounded of Scott Joplin's rags (Joplin died in 1917) and thirties gangster films—and the director is once again the implacably impersonal George Roy Hill. The script, by David S. Ward ("Steelyard Blues"), is a collection of Damon Runyon hand-me-downs with the flavor gone. Robert Shaw plays the sullen, stiff-necked menace, with a brogue and some bullying force, but the whole movie is full of crooks as sweeties. "The Sting" is for people—and no doubt there are quantities of them—who *like* crooks as sweeties.

AT a cost of $8,150,000, "The Day of the Dolphin," directed by Mike Nichols, is the most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made. Actually, it's somewhat more primitive than the Rin Tin Tin pictures: the dog had a marvellous understanding of English, but he was not required to speak it, like the dolphins here. Trained by their loving master, George C. Scott, Alpha and Beta not only learn to prattle in English but, when they are kidnapped by bad men and a bomb is placed around Beta's head to be delivered to the President of the United States, they foil the assassination attempt. (Just like Rin Tin Tin with those sticks o dynamite.) The movie exploits Watergate and the assassinations for a despairing attitude toward corruption and a resigned anger against the crude villains who care about dolphins only because of their capacity for delivering the explosives. But what of the corruption of this picture, which can think of no way to interest us in dolphins except by dubbing them with plaintive, childish voices and turning them into fishy human babies full of love for Pa (Scott)? His conversations with them are worthy of Tarzan and Jane. (Scott is, however, made out to be a scientific big-daddy superman whose research institute falls apart when he's not there. An analogy with Mike Nichols?) Buck Henry, who wrote the script, from the Robert Merle novel, and the others connected with this movie have a lot to answer for. N.B.C. has already paid two million dollars for the right to show the film on TV in three years. This picture will probably upset more children than any other movie since "Bambi." "The Day of the Dolphin" ends with the bawling-baby Alpha protesting love for Pa while Scott tells the pair that he will never see them again and that they must trust no man, and forces the whimpering babies to leave their home forever. It's an ugly-souled, manipulative movie. The moviemakers who put out the Rin Tin Tin pictures didn't take everything away from the kids in the audience and send them out destroyed. What kind of people are they who play games like this? The movie is too archaic for adults, and it can be agonizing, and finally heartbreaking, to children. The drippy message of the picture is (wouldn't you know it?) how terrible people are: if only we could be like the dolphins. The message is that we're unworthy of contact with them—and who wants to argue the point? But, with its cheaply effective anthropomorphic tear-jerking, it makes us even less worthy. If Mike Nichols and Buck Henry don't have anything better to make movies about than involving English-speaking dolphins in assassination attempts, why don't they stop making movies?

A REVERENTIAL, gloom-and-pathos new movie version of "The Glass Menagerie" was shown on television on Sunday, December 16th. We've probably all had it with this play—thin but funny and touching at the beginning, and now shopworn, so its faults make it seem ludicrous. On television, the play was dead; the Eng-

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lish director Anthony Harvey ("The Lion in Winter") obviously had no grasp of the comedy or the vitality in the Tennessee Williams material. Is it possible that a heavy advertising budget and the highly publicized television début of Katharine Hepburn blinded the press, which praised this truly terrible embarrassment in terms almost as florid as Hepburn's performance? Hepburn is a great actress and has given many fine performances, but she is a preposterously bad actress as Amanda Wingfield. She rattles on in her familiar, girlishly distraught style, and she doesn't make you listen, so you lose the sense of her lines. Amanda is something of a monster, but Hepburn plays her for tender sympathy; Hepburn is so Southern and so actressy, and jabbers on so artificially, that after a while we don't understand a word she says, and don't care that we don't. Sam Waterston has demonstrated his talents elsewhere, but perhaps the director's conception overpowered him here, for he gave us Tom Wingfield's desperation without Tom's resilient, saving humor. Lines that might have been ironic became serious and remote. Michael Moriarty showed no understanding that the "gentleman caller" he was playing was meant to be an earnest, deluded go-getter, and Joanna Miles—physically more solid than the others, and appearing to be more psychologically sound, too—was blatantly miscast as the frail, lost-in-dreams Laura. Joanna Miles, who has a cold facility, played Laura with a stony face, as if she were an empty shell, utterly devoid of feeling. "The Glass Menagerie" is no great loss; what I found upsetting about the production was that Katharine Hepburn's performance is like a compendium of the remembered mannerisms of her earlier movies. She's beginning to destroy her early performances for us, since gestures that belonged to her earlier characters—gestures that by now belong to us—are turning up promiscuously. The desecration is painful. —PAULINE KAEL

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ALL STUDENTS: Emergency cancellation of bus transportation forced Saturday's postponement of the Walk for Mankind. We apologize to all of you who got up early or even went to the Walk site only to find the Walk had been postponed.

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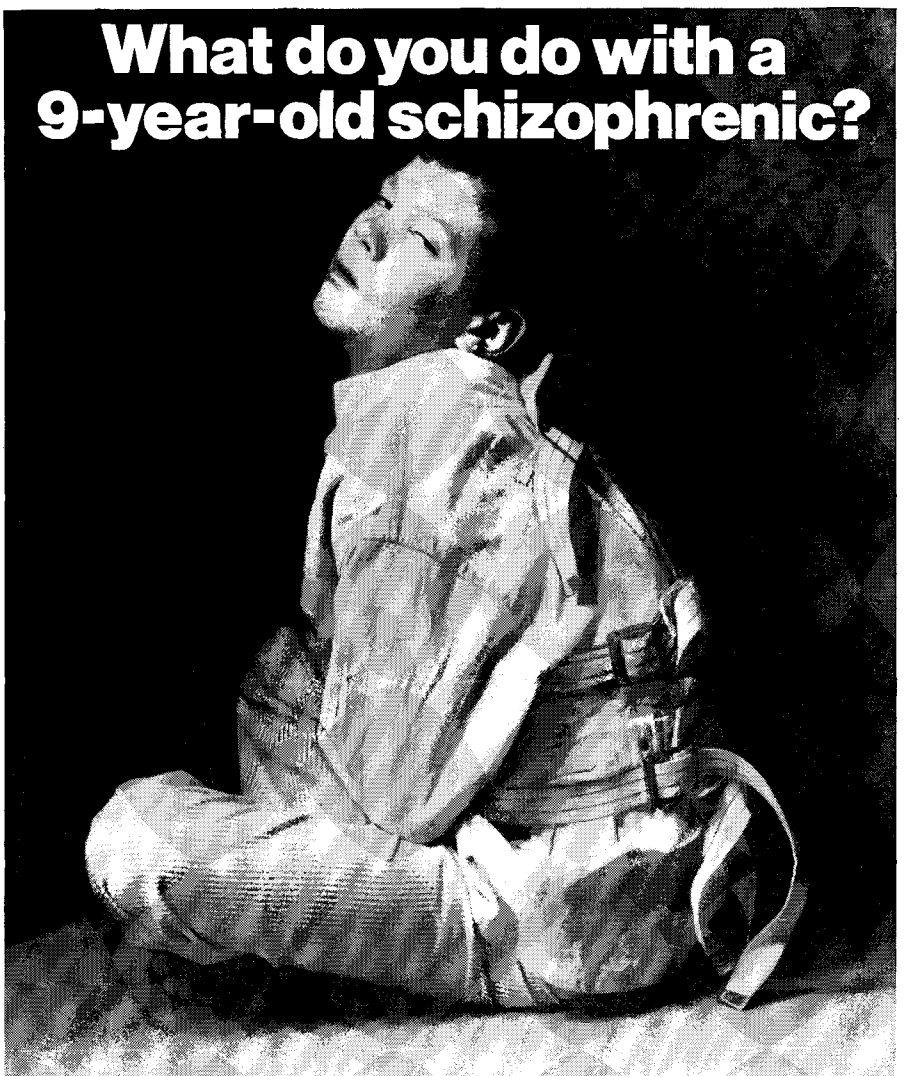

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Christmas Game

THIS is the time of year when people make lists—of Christmas presents, New Year's resolutions, the ten best movies or plays, the ten best pop songs, and so forth. The music critic is lucky if someone does not ask him to name the ten best new works of the year, or new recordings of old works. So far, I have escaped, but just now, rummaging through a pile of unanswered correspondence (therein lurks, I fear, a New Year's resolution), I found a letter from Mr. Harold Rosenthal, the editor of the English monthly *Opera*, and, in view of its general interest, I venture to share it with the American reader. Mr. Rosenthal had been approached with an unusual request by "a leading foreign country, whose name [he says] I have been asked not to divulge at the moment." The country in question (it might be the United States, but I doubt it) plans to issue, during 1974, a series of ten postage stamps depicting the ten "greatest" opera singers of this century, and wished to obtain Mr. Rosenthal's advice on the subject. He in his turn, reluctant to face the mammoth task of conducting a readers' poll, decided to write first to a group of critics with a view to compiling from their replies a short list from which readers could make their choice. I was one of the critics consulted, and fell down on the job.

But of course I thought about it. For those who love opera and the human voice, the problem is irresistible, though also insoluble. Perhaps we might play the game for a moment—remembering that it is only a game, and that the number of ten is arbitrary. There are times when I feel that five would be easier; or, conversely, twenty.

First, we must not forget the little phrase "of this century." However young we may be, we must not think only of our contemporaries. We must rely not only on our direct experience but on impressions transmitted by the phonograph; fortunately, it covers the period pretty thoroughly. Then, the candidates must be singers whose principal sphere of activity was the opera house—which rules out such great artists as John McCormack and Alma Gluck and Kathleen Ferrier. Lastly, although we *could* choose ten sopranos or ten tenors, it would be more sensible and more natural to select at least one representative of each main category of voice, and to pay some attention to the rival claims of the different national schools.

We begin with Caruso. Though no singer is flawless, the man who would leave Caruso out of his list would be eccentric indeed. The splendor and power of the great tenor's voice, even on old records, make him unique; fifty years after his death, his mere name, without adventitious associations like pêche Melba, still retains its meaning for tens of thousands of people. Who else has set his mark on the century? Chaliapin, for one. There were limitations to his art, which was less compelling in Italian and French music than in Russian; but the rolling grandeur of his deep bass, coupled with his physical magnificence and his dramatic intensity and variety, makes him an inevitable choice.

Callas? She has been called a female Chaliapin, and her omission would shock multitudes, including musicians as well as simple fans. She is a historic figure; by dint of her artistic and histrionic powers she has made opera live again for thousands who had thought it moribund, and she has restored to the repertory many early operas that had seemed obsolete. I think that she must be included, even though her voice never had anything like the roundness or fullness of Ponselle's, or the perfect finish of Rethberg's. Rethberg is a strong contender, having excelled equally in the German and Italian schools; but she meets overwhelming competition in the beloved Lotte Lehmann—most vivid and most human of all Wagner and Strauss interpreters. And, the name of Wagner once mentioned, who can deny a place in Valhalla to those two Nordic deities Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior? Admittedly, Flagstad—and no one can recall a Brünnhilde or Isolde of more radiantly beautiful voice—has powerful dramatic rivals in Birgit Nilsson and Frida Leider, and in the still unforgotten Olive Fremstad. But Melchior, notwithstanding flaws in his musicianship, is *hors concours*.

Six names; only four to go. Among contraltos and mezzos, Schumann-Heink is peerless. Maybe in this century she had become predominantly a concert artist; and, if she is disallowed on that score, the versatile and profoundly musical Margarete Matzenauer should probably take precedence over Louise Homer, the marmoreal Sigrid Onegin, the mercurial Conchita Supervia, the reliable Ebe Stignani, and the still developing Janet Baker, even today more famous on the concert platform than in the opera house. Who is the greatest florid soprano of the period? Not, I think, either of our reigning ladies; but perhaps Melba (unless we decide that the best of her long career fell within the last century) or Hempel or Tetrazzini or Galli-Curci.

The most difficult area of choice is the Italian school. Of the post-Caruso tenors, Gigli, for all his dulcet tones, was too poor a stylist to qualify; the choice is between Martinelli, Schipa, and Bjoerling. Among the baritones, Battistini was essentially of the nineteenth century; we must choose between Titta Ruffo (the most stupendous voice), yesterday's Scotti and today's Gobbi (two admirable artists with more slender vocal means), and either Amato or De Luca (my own candidate), each of whom ideally combined both voice and style.

Our team is complete—and already beyond the closed door there stretches a long and formidable line: Schorr and Pinza, Farrar and Bori and Garden, Montserrat Caballé and Leontyne Price. Yes, an insoluble problem indeed.

ON a night when snow and slush lay thick on the sidewalks, I slithered uptown as far as the Manhattan School of Music to hear a program by the Group for Contemporary Music. It included the late Stefan Wolpe's Cantata for Voice, Voices, and Instruments, set to a curious mishmash of texts by Hölderlin, Herodotus, and Robert Creeley—in which the composer (who wrote skillfully for instruments) seemed most himself when he could forget words in his long instrumental postlude to the Herodotus setting—as well as an extremely bland and blameless set of four-hand piano pieces (1896) by the youthful Schoenberg, somewhat lumpily played by Ursula Oppens and Robert Miller. Keyboard sounds of a more exhilarating kind were heard when these two players collaborated with a large instrumental group under Charles Wuorinen in Elliott Carter's Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with Two Chamber Orchestras. During the twelve years of its life, this Concerto has been recorded twice and called a masterpiece by Stravinsky; like much of Carter's work, it is complex and difficult, yet makes a powerful and dramatic impact—even on a listener

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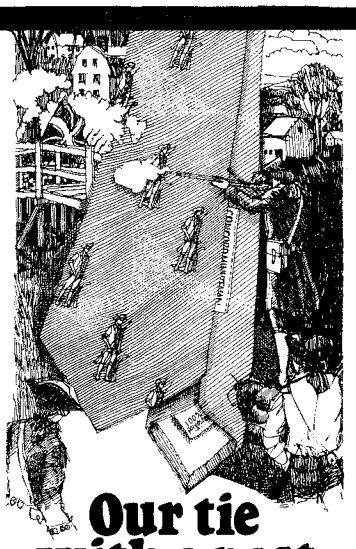

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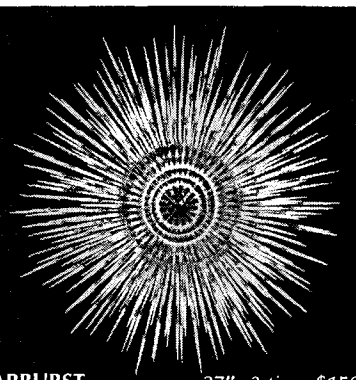

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obliged in all honesty to confess that dozens of notes and entries could have been misplaced without his becoming aware that anything was amiss. All the same, this performance, given in the presence of the composer and warmly applauded, carried evident conviction except at certain times when the harpsichord, despite discreet amplification, reached our ears as little more than a confused buzz. I have noted this imbalance during other performances; it may be inherent in the layout of the score.

NEXT evening, one of Newell Jenkins' enterprising Clarion Concerts at Alice Tully Hall coincided with "Manon Lescaut" at the Metropolitan Opera, and comment on the Puccini revival must therefore await its second performance, on December 29th. Mr. Jenkins offered a typically Baroque program, containing several pieces by Monteverdi whose date of composition (late in his life) was belied by their youthfully fresh invention; a pair of Gabrieli-like canzonas for brass by the late-sixteenth-century Lucca composer, Gioseffo Guami; and—as principal dish—the Missa Sancti Henrici of Heinrich Biber (1644-1704). Biber, the leading German-school violinist and composer of violin music of his day, spent most of his professional life in the service of the Archbishop of Salzburg, where his son (Karl Heinrich) immediately preceded Leopold Mozart as Kapellmeister; and there is some evidence that Wolfgang Mozart knew the elder Heinrich's church music. The Kyrie of this Mass has a theme that, although in C major instead of C minor, is otherwise all but identical for its first nine notes with the fugal accompaniment to the duet for the Two Armed Men in "The Magic Flute," and the Agnus Dei likewise begins with the four-note germ which (though it could be called a thematic commonplace of the period) turns up with noticeable frequency in Mozart's music—for instance, in the Finale of the "Jupiter" Symphony. What with these two movements and much of the Gloria and Credo, there is rather an excess of C-major brilliance about Biber's Mass, with its rich scoring for brass and strings; but there are also contrasting elements of quiet originality, such as the violin-accompanied "Et incarnatus est," for solo soprano (Susan Belling), and the hushed setting for unaccompanied choir of the Crucifixus, both of which made a striking effect under Mr. Jenkins' direction.

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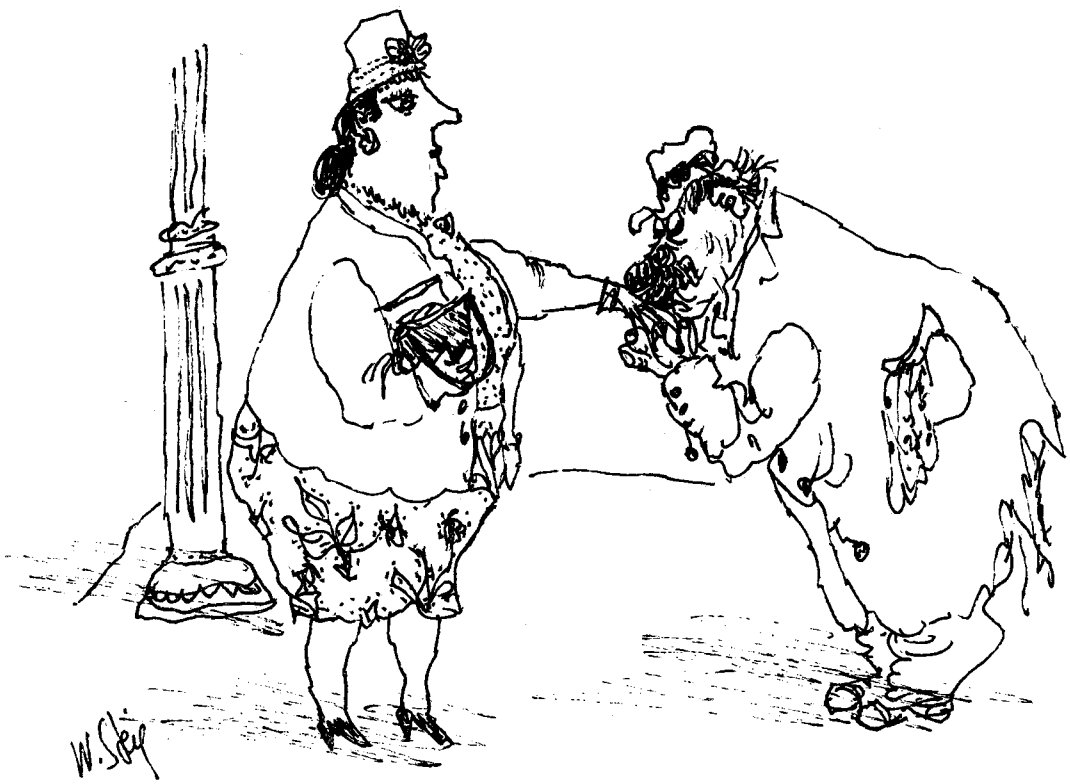
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 21

IMPEACHMENT of the President now seems all but unavoidable—unless, of course, the President resigns. Constitutional scholars in and out of the government are just about unanimous in saying that this particular recourse was given Congress specifically to deal with this particular kind of case—an official who flagrantly and unapologetically abuses and misuses the powers granted him. To punish underlings for carrying on activities that they had every reason to believe were ordered or approved by the President would be a gross injustice if no attempt were made to assess the complicity, if any, of the Chief Executive. Moreover, the failure to use the impeachment procedure would effectively nullify it, for it is practically impossible to conceive of executive conduct more censurable than that of which Richard Nixon stands accused. The common opinion is that if the Judiciary Committee recommends impeachment to the House, the House, playing a role analogous to that of a grand jury, will vote on it sometime in the spring, and the Senate, sitting as a trial jury, presided over by the Chief Justice, will then require three months or so for deliberation and judgment. Removal from office, it is felt, is by no means as close to being a sure thing as impeachment. Most congressmen are believers in the possibility of redemption, and if in the coming months the President should give evidence of contrition, and if this should be accompanied by improvements in the economy and in the outlook for stability in the Middle East, the early transgressions may be forgiven. It seems rather a tall order, though, since most authorities see little hope for economic vigor until the energy crisis abates, and it would take more than a Middle Eastern settlement to bring an abatement about, because the Arab embargo, though dramatic, is no more than a fraction of the problem. Without either a convincing refutation of the charges or a large change for the better in the climate of our whole society, an acquittal would lead people here and in other countries to conclude that Nixon's way of conducting affairs of state was in keeping with current American standards of political and social morality.

A few months ago, one was almost compelled to view the matter otherwise. In the early days of the Watergate affair, and even in the early sessions of the Ervin-committee hearings, there was no evidence of anything approaching Presidential lawbreaking, apart from a few snatches of unsupported testimony by John W. Dean III, and it was possible to see the whole affair as the excesses of a few young and some not so young zealots who failed to understand that American politics, particularly at the federal level, does have an ethical code (sometimes honored mainly in the breach) that is higher than the codes of many other American institutions. Here, at that time, the President's party stood beside him almost to a man, and so, according to opinion polls, did most of those who gave him such an overwhelming victory in 1972. (Despite the fact that substantial blocs of votes were bought with the huge corporate contributions that his financial managers rounded up, no thoughtful observer believes today that if the Nixon campaign had had no more money to work with than the Democrats had, George McGovern would have won. Nixon was clearly the people's choice in 1972.) Had there been a move toward impeachment at any time before last summer, it would have been viewed as a partisan move by Democrats seeking to win by parliamentary devices what the majority of Americans had denied them. Even if impeachment had been sought for purely virtuous reasons, it would have been a cause of divisiveness throughout the country. But that was before much of anything was known about the President's private finances, his taping of private communications all over the White House, his refusal to turn over any of the tapes to District Judge Sirica—followed, when he finally agreed to comply with the court's order, by the disclosure that some tapes were missing and another had been hopelessly damaged. It was things of this sort which led to the swift decline in Nixon's standing with the public, including some of his most fervent partisans of a year ago. And things are very different now. If the polls are anywhere near correct, his detractors today are just about as numerous as his supporters were a year ago, and it is doubtful if those who still count themselves on his side have the same degree of enthusiasm they had when they helped return him to the White House. Under no circumstances could impeachment be much of a cause for rejoicing, since it would reflect at best a failure of popular judgment and at worst a political order whose Constitutional safeguards are more fragile than most of us had assumed them to be. But, barring monumental changes in the next few months, it would not be a seriously divisive undertaking.



IMPEACHMENT might be beneficial to the pride and the morale of the country, but it would be a treatment for only one of our many disorders. Gerald Ford would doubtless be an honest and hardworking Chief Executive, but it looks very much as if the period ahead—not only the next three years but also a decade or two

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eyond them—will require a leadership apable of persuading the country of a eed to reorder many of its values, to ıcrifice some of the creature comforts ıat a high proportion of its citizens en- ›y, and to accept a position of equality, ather than of leadership and command, mong the world's powers. For a time, robably, we will be unable to make ull use of our high technology; not ven the most sanguine of scientists hink we can develop new sources of nergy with anything less than an un- ertaking comparable to the Manhat- an Project of three decades ago, and n the interim we will be forced to ra- ion what remains of the fuels we so vastefully used in the preceding years. t takes inspired leadership to get such esults in wartime, and it will take far nore of the same in peacetime. Gerald Ford seems hardly the man to provide t—an assumption that would be more olerable (since he is unlikely to serve nore than three years, if he serves at ll) if there were any prospect of his eing succeeded by an American Churchill. But although there are many stimable men in the Senate and the tatehouses, few appear to possess the equisite qualities. The one who—at east in the public view—comes closest s Senator Kennedy, but he, for reasons of his own, seems determined to keep imself out of the running. Among Republicans, Nelson Rockefeller is probably the most energetic of aspirants, and perhaps the most innovative, but despite years of effort he has failed to create a national following, while creating widespread animosity among Party leaders outside New York State. Moreover, a man of almost unlimited wealth would find it rather awkward to call for sacrifice on the part of a majority of Americans. Senator Percy has generated little opposition, but he is still not quite a national figure, even though he has taken some eminently sensible stands on national issues, and—while hardly in the Rockefeller class—he, too, is a man of considerable wealth unaccompanied by an ability to arouse the masses. The Hubert Humphrey of a quarter of a century ago might have been just the man for a time like this, but, despite his unflagging energy, he is a shopworn figure—even more so than George McGovern—and there seems nothing he can do to make the same mark on the young that he made on the liberals among their parents in the few years after he burst from Minneapolis onto the national scene twenty-five years ago. His Minnesota colleague in the Senate, Walter Mondale, is a man of formidable ability and intelligence, but his problem at the moment is the

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opposite of Humphrey's—outside Minnesota he has had too little exposure. John Lindsay might accomplish more in the White House than he did in New York's City Hall, but his 1972 campaign was a dud, and if, as seems probable, he now faces three years of political obscurity, his standing is likely to be lower in 1976 than it was in 1972.

One of the largest difficulties at present is that all during the postwar years our leaders were schooled in the need for economic growth, whereas the present need may be to cut growth back (perhaps to zero, as the British are now trying to do) until we can stem our depletion of the resources that growth requires. In the past, the emphasis of liberal democratic statesmen has been on the equitable redistribution of wealth; in the near future, the emphasis may have to be on the equitable distribution of scarcity. "National security" may have to rest more on accommodation with other nations, much of it perhaps distasteful, than on costly instruments of death and retribution. The people of this country may be willing to accept all this, but it will take uncommon courage and a willingness to face down demagogues if politicians are to win votes on platforms that call for what would amount to a lower standard of living in peacetime. Moreover, if this affluent society could develop this kind of leadership, it would do us little good—in fact, it would do us considerable harm—unless we were joined by a substantial majority of other industrialized nations. It may be, of course, that a bit too much alarm is being spread here, but many administrators and their scientific advisers regard the outlook as bleak in the extreme, and most share the view that Richard Nixon, who has tended to make light of the whole affair, is—at least in this respect—not much different from the rest of the professional politicians.

THE Geneva conference on the Middle East began this morning, formally under the aegis of the United Nations but actually presided over by Andrei Gromyko, of the Soviet Union, and his American counterpart, Henry Kissinger, with representation by all parties to the Yom Kippur War except Syria, whose leaders contend that the cards have been stacked by the U.N. and the United States. For Jews and Arabs to meet and talk under the same roof, though at different tables, is thought by many to be a gain of sorts, but this notion contains almost as much sentimentality as it does practicality; in themselves, such gatherings offer no assurance that either side will move a fraction of an inch closer to agreement, and they can, indeed, breed new grievances. Though it is possible that the adversaries have told either the Soviet or the American intermediaries in secret meetings of concessions they might make if the other side yielded a point or two, nothing has been said publicly and officially, with the single exception of Premier Golda Meir's announcement that her government could accept border changes somewhere between the 1967 frontiers and the present cease-fire lines, provided Israel's defenses were not weakened. Private sources on both sides have hinted at further compromises, but nothing official has been forthcoming; either Middle Eastern governments have very efficient plumbers to plug government leaks or there is nothing official to leak. The latter seems more likely.

It may be that a good deal more depends on the wishes of the superpowers than on those of the belligerents themselves. There is only one thing on which the superpowers are known to be in accord, and that is a determination to avoid armed intervention by their own troops. Our determination may be a bit more strongly felt than theirs, for we have just gone through almost a decade of fighting and, in the process, severely damaged both our economy and our society. But the fundamental aim of both nations is to avoid extinction by nuclear weapons, and the chances are that both Gromyko and Kissinger will lean heavily on their clients either to accept the compromise that Mrs. Meir has proposed or to return to the 1967 borders, which is what the Arabs want. No doubt the best thing from the nonbelligerent point of view would be agreement on borders that would make both sides relatively invulnerable to conventional weapons. (If one or both developed nuclear weapons, both would, of course, be vulnerable no matter where the borders were.) From the American point of view, there is little more to hope for. The Soviet Union is already established as a naval power in the Mediterranean and in the Indian Ocean, and while this is something we had not looked forward to, it is not much more than an inconvenience. It is not really detrimental to our interests and, in fact, may improve the outlook for continued détente. From the look of things now, though, compromise of any sort will require quite a few more conferences. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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BOOKS

For Better, Not for Worse

WIT, we all know, is often a mask for passion. In "Economics and the Public Purpose" (Houghton Mifflin), John Kenneth Galbraith, though he is as witty as ever, has let the mask slip and allowed us to glimpse the nature of his passion. It is intellectual. He offers his account of the American economic system and his ideas of how to correct—a word he uses frequently—its irrationality. His intensity sometimes makes his wit painfully abrasive: he never fails to entertain, but the reader may wish, as he laughs, that Galbraith, and the laughing reader himself, as Galbraith's momentary accomplice, were not quite so derisive. Yet because the work is intelligent, stimulating, and comprehensive—Galbraith knows (in fact, insists) that an economic theory implies an ethical system, a political purpose, and a psychological hypothesis—one forgives this unrelenting critic.

According to Galbraith, there are not one but two economies in the United States. The one he described in "The New Industrial State" is composed of very large firms; in his new book he calls this "the planning system"—perhaps a thousand firms, which produce "half the goods and services not produced by the state." The rest of the private sector, twelve million enterprises that do not so easily lend themselves, for several reasons, to large organization or mass production—shopkeeping, say, and agriculture, residential building, the arts and professions—he calls the "market system." As he points out, the planning system is more profitable, more productive, and more secure; the world of the small enterprise is shakier, pays its employees less, and—unfortunately for society as a whole—does not produce enough of many of the things we badly need:

> Some products of the private sector of the economy—automobiles . . . drugs, cosmetics, intoxicants, packaging, exotically processed foods—are available in abundance. Other things of obvious importance—housing, medical care, mass transportation—are endemically in short supply.

He thinks postwar (the Second World War) economic growth and economic instability derive from the planning system, which, he says, causes our steady inflation and our intermittent recessions. Because of its size, its intimate relations with the federal bureaucracy, its immense cushion of savings, and its commitment to its own security, the planning system is rarely affected by the techniques of economic management employed by government: when a government contracts credit in order to halt inflation, home builders may curl up and die, but automobile manufacturers do not even cut prices.

Galbraith's appraisal of these two economies is the basis of his disagreement with the economists whose theories he thinks serve—whether they know it or not—the planning system for good (he maintains that it does *some* good) and for ill. The gravest fault of the planning system, he contends, is its misuse of its enormous persuasive power. He holds that our ideas of virtue and happiness, and of what is worth doing, have been created by the planning system to insure that we identify morality and joy with consuming what the system produces. I have a notion that Galbraith is making us Americans out to be stupider than we are, and I am pleased that he credits the economist Paul Sweezy with suggesting that people may be buying what they buy and living as they do because they have little choice. Galbraith suggests that suburban living is a triumph of planning-system propaganda, which has made women into full-time consumers. I myself am not sure that most Americans wanted (or want) to migrate to the suburbs, but many of the households formed during and after the Second World War had no place else to go. (Before the war, in the Depression, when nobody could afford to buy anything, if we judge by our movies, most Americans preferred to be Fred and Ginger, not Darby and Joan.) And there is, I feel, another element to consider in a discussion of mass consumption: the anxieties, acquired before we recognize them, that have been passed on from generations whose experience was famine and humiliation. Any long demographic retrospect suggests that nearly all the people now alive in the Western world are de-

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scended from serfs. We are the children of pawns; industrialism promised to make us all knights. And it may be a long time before knightliness comes to mean something besides riding while others walk, before there is instilled in every human being a self-confidence based on his doing or his being, as opposed to his having.

Yet the development of this confidence, I assume, is Galbraith's intent, and this book offers a series of recommendations in that direction. With some I disagree, about some I want to hear more arguments, and some seem to me truths so self-evident that they need no stating. Galbraith's ideas are multitudinous. He would rely on the Congress to discipline the planning system and elevate the market system. One reason for this is that he thinks the federal bureaucracy—and he includes the Executive—has now become a captive of the planning system. But there are plenty of other reasons for entrusting the immense decisions of the sort that are involved in economic planning to an elective body composed of men who are highly visible and easily rejectable—a far better method than turning over important functions to anonymous technocrats, who (like any group of human beings not subjected to steady, critical scrutiny) can slack off, fumble, or encroach. One more point in this book which impresses me is Galbraith's forthright use of the word "Socialism." He says that in Europe it is an evocative, almost a romantic word, while in this country it is a dirty one, to be applied to something creeping, like poison ivy. Yet the measures he proposes add up to Socialism, and he is not afraid to say so. I wish he had not felt it necessary to call his program the "new" Socialism—especially because he accuses the planning system of basing so much of its salesmanship on the promise of novelty. But at least Galbraith is honest enough not to try to peddle the New Jerusalem at a time when all we want is the good old United States (with liberty and justice for all).

GUNNAR MYRDAL, in "Against the Stream: Critical Essays on Economics" (Pantheon), shares many of Professor Galbraith's preoccupations. In fact, he refers to Galbraith with admiration, both as a thinker and as a writer. Myrdal's own clarity and subtle humor have never been more pleasing. Like Galbraith, he says how important it is for an economist to recognize the reality his theories deal with—the need to consider the practical effect of one's assumptions instead of forever refining theory. Myrdal asserts that a social scientist must know what he is prescribing and be explicit about it. He recalls several fashions in economic theory, a few with amusement; indeed, some of the economic theory of the twenties looks just as funny nowadays as women's clothes of the period. As for the present, he agrees with Galbraith that Keynesian remedies can no longer alleviate the economic distresses of industrial nations, because industrial economies are no longer the systems Keynes knew and wrote about. Myrdal's willingness to accept change and to adjust to it is particularly noticeable in this collection of essays written on different occasions and at different times. And the book displays other unities of style and temper: an active, determined, yet tolerant personality, and a persistent concern with ways of curing inequality, whether within his own country—Sweden—or the countries he dealt with in his famous study "Asian Drama." In his new book, Myrdal refers again to his finding that in some Asian countries corruption was so extensive that it was a definite brake on economic development. And he brings the matter up again because he also discovered that social-science colleagues of his in the countries in question did not want to face up to that particular cause of their difficulties. We have all been wondering, and for a long time, about the extent of corruption in the United States, and whether it is a hindrance—not to our economic development but to the trust, the confidence of the public, which is a necessary prelude to social betterment. We know that public life in eighteenth-century England was scandalously corrupt; what else, Americans asked, could you expect from monarchy and aristocracy? And we know that American public life became scandalously corrupt in the nineteenth century—a situation English visitors attributed to a democracy operating without the moral elevation of monarchy and aristocracy. My impression is that the United States is less corrupt and more public-spirited than it was a century ago but is still somewhat too easygoing about shady or shifty practices, and that the persistence of these practices is sometimes an excuse, but often a valid reason for our suspecting any new kind of public action or the growth of the

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public sector, whether we call such programs "Socialism" or not.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Little Girl Under a Mosquito Net, by Monique Lange, translated from the French by Patsy Southgate (Viking). A barely fictional memoir about the experiences of a homely and unhappy thirteen-year-old French-Jewish girl in Paris and Saigon in the years 1939-45. The self-mocking tone of this slim and pleasantly eccentric volume is well suited to the story of the girl's infatuation with the Catholic Church and her doubt-ridden apostasy, and it works well, too, when she describes the nervous boredom of French colonial life in Saigon during the Second World War. (Her frightened French relatives ship her to her opium-addicted mother and stepfather in order to get her away from France.) But Miss Lange's offhand, exquisite phrases rankle when they deal with those who remained, and died, in France, and when the subject is the Japanese occupation of Indo-China. Despite the highly confessional tone, one senses, too, that the author could say much more than she has allowed herself to say about her family, the war, and, particularly, French anti-Semitism.

A Few Virtuous Men, by Ben Morreale (Tundra). An odd, absorbing novel about the Sicilian Mafia ("'virile and virtuous men'—as they mockingly referred to themselves") and its serpentine grip on just about every facet of Sicilian life. The niceties of the island's corruption are conveyed in this story of an "accommodating" village priest, Father Juffa, who adores his mother, has a mistress, keeps a diary in which he blusteringly justifies himself, and is led ever more treacherously down the garden path by his belief that only the old power structure can keep things *sistemati*. So much of what Mr. Morreale writes about has been written about before that many scenes seem vaguely familiar—the brutal, diffident Don Raphaeli feeding children lemon cookies, the local club members sexually assaulting the village widow—and the book is far more interesting as sociology than it is as a work of fiction. But there is such an abundance of intimate, first-hand knowledge of the way Sicilian society works (the author shuttled back and forth between Sicily and New York as a child) that it is well worth reading anyway.

GENERAL

Colette: The Difficulty of Loving, by Margaret Crosland, with an introduction by Janet Flanner (Bobbs-Merrill). One of the enchantments of Colette—perhaps the quality that chiefly captivates her admirers—is the deceptively open style, the onionskin simplicity, with which she spoke the brutal femininity of her mind and vision. It is the wonder and the delight of this biographical portrait that Miss Crosland, by a similar sleight of manner, has managed to suggest the strange personality behind the smiling pages of "Claudine à l'École," "Cheri," "Le Blé en Herbe," and "Sido," while seemingly merely guiding us through the long and ever-remembered girlhood, the several men (and women), the marriages, the devotion to the mother (whom the daughter recreated to her own taste), the curious theatrical careers, the problems of health, the endless flow (seventy-three books and countless shorter efforts) of laboriously accomplished work. Photographs.

The Waltz Emperors, by Joseph Wechsberg (Putnam). An evocation in pictures and words of nineteenth-century Vienna, and of the men of the redoubtable Strauss family. Mr. Wechsberg, who, with his European background and his working knowledge of music and the life of the orchestra player, would seem the ideal man for this task, interweaves the biographies of the Strausses—father Johann and his sons, Johann, Josef, and Eduard—with the pop-culture history of Vienna over the eighty-odd years they dominated the city's musical scene. Many illustrations, and they are capital—old prints of waltzing and revelling Viennese, scenes from Strauss operettas, playbills and sheet-music covers, photographs and paintings of the Strauss clan and their not very merry-looking wives and widows.

Raw Material, by Alan Sillitoe (Scribners). In this short, self-conscious memoir, Mr. Sillitoe struggles to tell us as little as possible about his working-class (Nottingham) origins and early life. The anecdotes that he occasionally permits himself to relate—about his blacksmith grandfather, who was blinded in one eye by a spark and went on working, about a grand-

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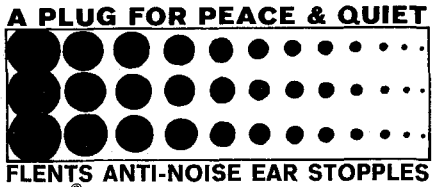

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mother who was kicked downstairs to her death, about a cousin killed by a trolley car, about an uncle killed by a truck, about an uncle kicked to death by a horse, about an uncle destroyed in the Battle of the Somme—are perceptive and communicative. But self-consciousness is always waiting to brush aside these moments of lucidity with such huffing and puffing as "A mind made up is a dead mind" and "It is necessary to say yes or no in order to make decisions" and "Life, like art, is the only way of approaching the truth" and "Order is not possible without chaos."

RIDING THE RAILS, by Michael Mathers (Gambit). Mr. Mathers, a graduate of Harvard now in his twenties, began riding the rails in his teens. He rode at first for fun, for devilment, for romance—for the salty company of real railroad tramps. Then, coming to realize that the old-time hobo was a rapidly vanishing breed, he began travelling professionally, with a camera and a tape recorder, to document the world of the Chicago Whiteys, the Missouri Blackeys, the Jack the Fakes. This book—part photographs, part recorded conversation, part personal history—is the interesting fruit of that research. It is essentially a sad report; even the anecdotes, the tall tales, the wisecracks have a gloomy, down-and-out tone: "'This is my life's possessions in this Oklahoma suitcase: one dirty shirt, a razor, no blade, hair oil, and a small jar of coffee—instant and that's it.'" There is also the feeling that even in the hobo world the quality of life has changed: the hobo jungles were once clean and tidy, safe and friendly oases of comfort policed by their occupants; they are now dirty, dangerous, suspicious. Mr. Mathers' photographs—some sixty in all—are grimly illustrative and elegiac.

THE CONFESSIONS OF LADY NIJŌ, translated from the Japanese by Karen Brazell (Anchor). The author of this autobiography—which was written in 1307 and lost in the Japanese archives until 1940—was an imperial concubine who later took the veil as a Buddhist nun. It is a fascinating work for several reasons, among them its precise documentation of ways of life and feeling that are wholly dissimilar to the West's. There is no love as we have idealized it, but desire must obey an elegant code, and men's and women's attractions succeed or fail depending on how stylishly, rather than how loyally or passionately, they behave. By our standards, the Lady Nijō was formidably unchaste, and it is hard to understand what she can have felt for the lovers whose exits and entrances she stage-managed like a farce director. The Emperor, who was supposed to have had first claim on her services, did not expect exclusivity—he facilitated her affair with a priest—and objected to her goings on only when she took his brother and political rival as a lover.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DANCE HALL OF THE DEAD, by Tony Hillerman (Harper & Row). The setting here, as in "The Blessing Way," with which Mr. Hillerman so impressively introduced himself a couple of years ago, is the Navajo and Zuñi reservations in the enormous and largely desolate Four Corners area of northwestern New Mexico and northeastern Arizona, and the action—the resolution of the murder of a young Zuñi ritual dancer—is once more rooted in (or entwined with) the intricacies of Indian theology. The result is high entertainment further heightened by an aesthetically satisfying glimpse of the still powerful tribal mysteries.

AMIGO, AMIGO, by Francis Clifford (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). It would be interesting to know what Graham Greene makes of Mr. Clifford's work, for Mr. Clifford seems almost to be to Mr. Greene (the Greene of "This Gun for Hire," "The Confidential Agent," "The Ministry of Fear") what Edith Wharton was to Henry James. His manner is Greene, and his tone, and his view of life: the portentousness, the distaste, and the fascination with squalor. In this characteristic (and thoroughly enjoyable) entertainment, even the setting and the cast reflect his model's style: Mexico City and the highlands of Guatemala, a dispirited British journalist in search of a story, a seedy German dentist, a priest, a discontented girl, a pair of swaggering *pistoleros*.

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Mr. Goshorn, who obviously loves a challenge, founded General Automation Inc. six years ago to "put brains on machines." This computer based industrial automation company has grown to $30 million in sales, has more than 1,000 employees, three U.S. plants as well as manufacturing facilities in England, Germany and Japan. General Automation's stock is traded over-the-counter nationally (Symbol: GENA).

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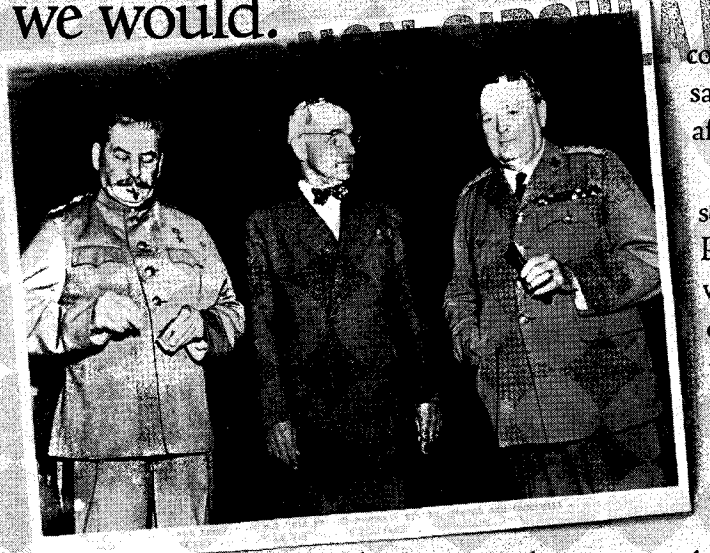

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